
THE
CYPRIOTS;
OR,
A MINIATURE OF EUROPE
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

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THE
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IN THE MIDDLE OF THE
FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE MINSTREL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER I.

IT was in the middle of the fifteenth century, in that delightful island by the Pagan world, with so much propriety, dedicated to Venus—for surely the soft voluptuousness of its clime, and the exquisite and unrivalled charms of its rural adornments, first suggested the idea of its being the abode of love, and the residence of beauty:—it was in the year 1460 that civil discord reared her hideous form in the once-happy isle of Cyprus, and blasted all its beauties: her bloody banner frightened thence the loves, and the

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B

graces:

graces: each amorous heart burnt with the strange fires of hatred: each blooming face became deformed with rage and malignity.

Religion, who ought to have expelled the fury, had invited the fatal visitant; had directed her first feeble attempts; had nurtured her at her own bosom, till she had attained gigantic growth and prowess.

Religion!——And could Religion, mild, pure, benign, the emanation of the God of Peace, the dictate of the Father of Mercy, could Religion be the nursing mother of strife?

Ah no. Religion had long been deposed from her throne in the hearts of mankind, and lay enchained by ignorance in a monkish cell, whilst superstition, assuming her name, usurped her seat, and lording it over the world, exchanged her pure, her benign precepts, for senseless forms, and ridiculous ceremonies.

Charlotte, the last legitimate offspring of the house of Lusignan, who then filled the throne of Cyprus, was suspected of favouring the religion of Rome, many of the forms of which were peculiarly odious to the Greek church.

church. James, her natural brother, whose ambition aimed at the crown, and who had by his emissaries first disseminated these suspicions, profited by the discontents to which they gave birth, and had found means to raise up a formidable force against her.

No war wears so malignant and relentless an aspect as civil strife, particularly where religion is its ostensible motive. Citizen became inveterate against citizen; the most affectionate families were disunited; the nearest and dearest friends estranged; and the whole nation rose in arms, each man against his neighbour.

Among the principal partisans, none distinguished themselves more than Thrasyllus on the side of the queen, and Melitus on that of James. In their youth these two noble-men were as remarkable for the ardency of their friendship, as they were now for mutual hatred. Educated in the same seminary of learning, both possessed of superior abilities, the nicest sense of honour, the highest veneration for virtue, gentle and amiable in manners as in mind, a similarity of sentiment, a sympathy of soul seemed perfectly to have

united them in an amity, which would bid defiance to time and fortune. But unhappily the sympathy was *too* perfect, and proved the destruction of that friendship, of which it had been the source and vivifying principle: together they saw, and in the same moment loved, the beauteous Euryclea.

Euryclea, by the early death of her noble parents, became the richest heiress of the island; and John, the reigning monarch, did not disdain the guardianship of her person, and fortune: she was brought to court, educated with the princess Charlotte, and became her inseparable companion. Thrasyllus and Melitus exerted every sentiment which honour, virtue, and affection could suggest to reconcile love with friendship; but finding them incompatible, they first began to fear, and then to hate in each other those exalted qualities, and endowments, which had before excited esteem and admiration, and were soon not only determined rivals, but also avowed enemies.

Each now took what he deemed the most effectual means of circumventing his competitor, and winning the fair object of their
contest;

contest; but with different fortune; for whilst Thrasyllus, whose father was a favourite with the king, endeavoured by him to influence the monarch in his favour, Melitus, by his liberal presents, acquired the superior interest of a favourite maid; so that when Thrasyllus deemed himself secure by the declared preference of the king, and princess, and had even procured the banishment of Melitus from the court, that happy youth not only secretly triumphed in the heart of Euryclea, but also, with the assistance of his faithful ally, prevailed upon her to consent to a private marriage.

Great was the mortification of Thrasyllus, and warm the resentment of the royal family; whilst the happy pair, without commiserating the one, or regarding the other, retired to a castle they possessed near Idalia, where, in the most delicious solitude, absorbed in mutual love, the months, the years flew rapidly over them, and they caught the distant murmur only of court events. No affliction reached them but the death of their three first children; and every care seemed amply compensated by the birth of a daughter,

ter, whose personal and mental charms were unequalled, even in that island so celebrated for beauty and grace.

Occupied in the pleasing task of educating the charming Hermione, the public discontents rose unmarked, till they became too loud for farther inattention. John was dead. Charlotte, his only legitimate child, succeeded him, who had married for her first husband a Florentine prince, and after his death Lewis of Savoy.

Unfortunately for Charlotte, both her husbands were of the church of Rome, and both had exerted their influence to convert her to it. Lewis was more successful than his predecessor; and Charlotte, with the zeal of a recent convert, was imprudent enough to give such indications of her new faith, as afforded the ambitious James the wished-for pretence of raising a rebellion against her.

Perhaps the difference of what forms *real* religion in the two churches was scarcely perceptible. The greatest in the eye of reason was the use of pictures and images. But the most important in the general estimation consisted in disputes on the supremacy of

of the Pope; in the use of leavened or unleavened bread in the sacrament; and in endless subtle metaphysical disquisitions on the procession of the Holy Ghost. And it is difficult for this informed and enlightened age to conceive the implacable hatred which had arisen between the two churches, from a dissimilar way of thinking on these unessential points.

Melitus, as virtuous as brave, though formerly piqued by the queen as the enemy of his love, was too just to have taken arms against his lawful sovereign, had he not deemed his religion in the most imminent danger from her. It was piety which tore him from the embraces of his wife, rendered him deaf to her arguments, and blind to her tears: which steeled his bosom against the soft entreaties of his darling daughter, and inlisted him under the banner of James. Love, and joy, and domestic happiness, were but secondary objects with him; all gave place to what he held his first duties to God and religion.

Venerable motive! It is the heart which sanctifies the action, or debases it; which renders us estimable, or contemptible in the eyes

eyes of that great Being, who remarks all its emotions. Opinion, the result of judgement, may be warped by early imbibed prejudices: the mind may by circumstances foreign to its will, be *partially* informed, or *dimly* enlightened. But whoever obeys the dictates of his conscience, in other words, fully acts up to the knowledge afforded him, will most assuredly find acceptance with God; and in the eyes of the impartial, universal Father, each religion may have its meritorious martyrs; even Pagan, Mahometan, Gentoo.

To console Thrasyllus for his disappointment, the king gave him Arete to wife, a young lady of great beauty and fortune, by whom he had one only son, the handsome and amiable Calliades. He became entirely attached to the court, and, on the death of John, served his successor with so much fidelity, that on the breaking out of the rebellion, Charlotte gave him a principal command in her armies.

CHAP. II.

FEW days now passed without skirmishes in different parts of the island between the two parties, which without effecting any thing decisive, served to sharpen their animosity against each other. At length the insurgents, which James had been collecting in great force in the western part of the island, passed the mountains, which the general disaffection of the queen's army had ill guarded in the most important passes; and a party commanded by Melitus, who now joined them, advanced towards Cerines, whence Thrasyllus, whom the queen had appointed governor of the citadel, came forth with a correspondent number of men to oppose him.

The armies advanced in array. The chiefs at the head of their respective forces recognized each other, and each fired with

an emulative spirit, fought superiority in the conduct of the day. Both possessed the most undaunted, and at the same time the most cool and deliberate valour. Their evolutions, their manœuvres, their various resources in the fury and confusion of the battle, astonished each other. No sooner did one seek to profit by an impression made by his troops, or a change in their movements, than he found himself forestalled by the caution of his antagonist, and new difficulties rising up against him.

The brave and the wise can never entirely hate each other. Little minds will envy superior merit, while great ones feel only a sentiment of admiration. Each of these warriors applauded the other in the moment of his greatest disappointment.

Blood was the contest, and long did the fortune of the day hang suspended; when alas! a treacherous blow in one fatal moment decided it.

Among the few people whom Melitus in his secluded way of life admitted into his house, was Cleophan, a man of noble birth, but slender possessions, who lived in Idalia.

Cleophan

Cleophan was now dead, but his son Lyfias, by a kind of prescription frequently filled his place at the table of Melitus. The beauty of Hermione, though but in its early bloom, charmed Lyfias; her immense fortune possessed for him still more powerful attractions; and he had the presumption to ask her father's consent to address her. Melitus gave him a positive denial, but tempered it with so much courteousness, that still Lyfias continued his visits, and was received with hospitality as the friend of the family.

The natural sweetness of Hermione's temper, and the innocent gaiety with which she received him, the vanity of Lyfias had construed into peculiar affection for his person. Fancying also he was in high favour with Euryclea, he deemed Melitus the only obstacle to his wishes; and casting about to rid himself of this formidable adversary, the confusion of the battle afforded him a too-ready opportunity.

The insidious villain, in all the rapid movements of Melitus, still with the appearance of the firmest attachment, fought near him. But in a moment of alarm, occasioned by an

unexpected manœuvre of Thrasyllus, when the attention of every one was too fully occupied to observe what was done by others, he darted suddenly behind Melitus, and thrust that brave general through with a lance, who instantly fell half dying from his horse.

Yet secretly as Lyfias supposed he had perpetrated this horrid murder, it was not without a witness. A slave of Melitus beheld the deed; but his mercenary and dastard soul possessed too little attachment to his master, and too much fear of the assassin, either to revenge, or reveal that he saw it.

With the fall of the commander fell also the fortune of his party. Rout and carnage ensued; and his flying army was pursued by Thrasyllus and his son, then a mere youth. Many prisoners were taken, among whom were Lyfias, and Lico, the slave of Melitus.

As the force of James, and the situation of his troops were not fully known, the fugitives were not pursued far; and Thrasyllus and his followers soon returned to the field of battle. With that compassion which ever accompanies the truly brave, he and his son alighted from their horses, and examining those

those bodies which exhibited tokens of life, gave orders for their instant assistance.

They came to that spot on which lay Melitus, in appearance dead. The generous heart of Thrasyllus was not proof against the affecting spectacle. "Alas! (said he to Calliades) he was my first, my dearest friend—The worthiest, the best of youths—Oh! the hours of felicity, for ever flown, that we have sweetly spent together!"

In that moment Melitus awoke from his long swoon. He lifted up his feeble eyes to the face of Thrasyllus. Thrasyllus threw himself on the earth beside him. Seized his cold hand, and eagerly pressed it to his bosom. "Ah! my friend, (he cried) for in this sad moment all animosities are forgotten, and thou art my friend *still*.—My heart bleeds, Melitus, to behold thee thus. Oh! that I could restore thee to the tender cares of thy Euryclea!—Thou shalt be carried to my house, which is not far distant; there thou shalt have every assistance thy wounds require, every attention thy worth demands."

"Generous

“ Generous Thrasyllus! (faintly exclaimed Melitus, wringing his hand, and carrying it to his trembling lips), how have I wronged thy worth! Dispose of me as pleaseth thee—I am now from this kindness doubly thy prisoner.”

Messengers were dispatched in all haste for surgeons, and a litter for the more easy conveyance of Melitus. Thrasyllus and Calliades, endeavouring to raise him from the ground, perceived, by the lance's head being broken in the wound, that it had been given him from behind. This was a new shock to the feelings of Thrasyllus. “ Infamous traitor! (he cried) whoever thou art. Oh! that Heaven would grant thee to my vengeance, I would tear thee limb from limb; give thy soul to the demons, and thy body to the vultures. May the plagues of Egypt seize thee! Everlasting remorse pursue thee!”

It was fortunate for Lyfias that no one was at leisure to remark the changes of his guilty countenance during this scene. When he had a little recovered that confusion, which not remorse, but the fear of detection had thrown

thrown him into, he had the effrontery to come forward; and Melitus, little suspecting his treachery, and recognizing only the friend, who never in the battle had forsaken his side, gave tokens of pleasure on seeing him; as also at perceiving Lico near him, whom he esteemed a faithful domestic.

The surgeons came. They found it necessary to draw the splintered steel from the wound ere he was removed. The operation was dangerous, and painful in the extreme, and Melitus endured it with such magnanimity as drew tears from his generous vanquishers. But though his spirit rose above his sufferings, nature was unequal to them, and he fell into a deep and death-like swoon, in which condition he was carried in a litter to Cerines, laid in the most commodious apartment in the house of Thrasyllus, and nothing omitted which could conduce to his comfort as well as recovery.

Once more he awoke to life, and to sensibility of the extreme tenderness with which he was treated. His heart, warm and ardent in all its passions, overflowed with sensations
of

of gratitude, and returning friendship; yet too much exhausted to articulate his emotions, he could express them only by affectionate looks, and alternate pressures of the hand of father and son, as they, with the feelings of the parent turtle, attended his bed, watched his countenance, and administered to what they *supposed* his wants. At length a gentle and refreshing slumber stole insensibly over him, and he awoke in the morning with spirits much renovated, but with every symptom of a speedy dissolution.

Thrasyllus, who had ordered himself to be called in the moment of his awakening, now approached with his son. Melitus regarded both, for some moments, with looks of complacency: then holding out his hand for that of Calliades, he drew him gently towards him—"I have a daughter (said he), Thrasyllus, amiable as this charming youth: Oh! that our returning friendship might be perpetuated by their indissoluble union! Her person is lovely, her heart good, and her wealth will be great. Tell me, does the proposal meet the approbation of both?"

"Mine,

" *Mine*, most sincerely and gratefully, (answered Thrasyllus). And oh! Sir, mine also, (cried Calliades, throwing himself on his knees by the bedside), since the honour of being allied to the noble Melitus would alone have determined me to accept the proposal with joy."

" Amiable you .! (cried Melitus, embracing him tenderly); I die without regret, since I secure to my daughter a husband so worthy."

" But will Euryclea (said Thrasyllus, hesitatingly), will *she* consent?"

" Oh! fear her not my friend (he replied). Ever indulgent to all my wishes during my life, she will not be less so to those of the last moments of it. My brave companion Lyfias, draw near—my faithful Lico also. You have both witnessed our conversation, repeat it to my wife; make known to her my dying desires. I think I feel an accession of strength, I will exert myself to write to her. Support me, my friends, that I may spend the short remainder of my existence in so delightful an occupation.—The agonies of death will be unheeded,

heeded, whilst I address my Euryclea, and serve my friend."

The proper apparatus brought, and supported by those around, he with trembling fingers traced the following lines:

MELITUS TO EURYCLEA.

" I die, my Euryclea, and thy dear image is the last that lingers on my fading senses. The last sigh which heaves my bosom will be for that which will tear thine when thou learnest this catastrophe. I would comfort thee my love, but the world recedes fast, and I must hasten to perform the only duty which remains to me in it, and acquaint thee, with my last wishes, which, from thy accustomed tenderness, I assure myself thou wilt not fail to accomplish. Thrasyllus, whom once I hated, hath evinced himself worthy the most ardent love. His attentions, and those of his son, have given comfort to my last hours; their kindness has soothed the agonies, and smoothed the bed of death:—and shall these kindnesses afforded thy dying husband go unrewarded?

No,

No, thou wilt disdain the ingratitude. I have promised our daughter to the amiable, the brave, and generous Calliades; and I conjure thee, my dearest wife, by our former love, and our future hopes of meeting in everlasting union in Heaven, that thou wilt fulfil this promise. I can add no more, for the icy hand of death is upon me. May the mercy and benevolence of God protect and support thee, and our child! Farewell, thou dearest, most beloved of women. Oh, farewell!

" MELITUS."

Exhausted by the effort, Melitus now sunk fainting in the arms of those who supported him. But in a few minutes recovering, he beckoned Lico to draw near, and giving him the letter, "To thy care and fidelity (said he), I trust this; deliver it into my wife's own hand. Tell her that thou sawest me write it, and that I assured thee it contained my last desire. As a recompence for the service I require, I give thee thy liberty, and with it this diamond, (drawing a valuable

a valuable ring from his finger). Lyfias, my valiant comrade in arms, thy honourable testimony will corroborate the report of my slave, and witness the truths contained in my letter. Tell my wife that my heart retained my love for her to its last pulsations; and that thou sawest me die in the embraces of Thrasyllus and Calliades.”

Which indeed he did; for exerting all his remaining strength to embrace both father and son, he expired that instant in their arms.

The body was embalmed, put into a magnificent coffin, and placed upon a funeral litter, carried by black horses, adorned with trappings of the same colour, and attended by twenty knights in the deepest mourning. Thrasyllus gave Lico a letter of condolence to the widow, took a courteous leave of Lyfias, saying that he required no other ransom for his freedom, than the testifying to Euryclea the last will of her husband. Lyfias was warm and loquacious in his professions of never-dying gratitude, of everlasting honour. They parted, and the mournful procession moved towards Idalia.

CHAP. III.

THE funeral cavalcade of the noble Cypriot had not proceeded half a league from the gate of Cerines, ere Lyfias, dropping at some distance behind it, constrained Lico to do the same; and addreſſing him in an inſinuating and obliging manner, "Thou art witty and ingenious, Lico, (ſaid he) and good fortune purſues thee."

"It is true (ſaid Lico), I am no longer a ſlave, and my maſter has given me a diamond of value."

"I ſpeak not of his ſmall gift (ſaid Lyfias), in which methinks he diſplayed but little liberality to fidelity ſuch as thine: but thou haſt now in thy power to attain a fortune infinitely ſuperior, by acquiring a friend incomparably more generous."

"Riches,

“ Riches and favour, (replied Lico, briskly), are so perfectly agreeable to my humour, that I listen eagerly to know how they are to be gained.”

“ Thou can’st be silent, Lico, when it is made thy *interest* so to be?”

“ As midnight—deaf and blind as the grave.”

“ Thou hast too much good sense, my dear Lico, not to perceive that thy master Melitus, lost his understanding some hours before he lost his life: and that he must have been actuated by the delirium of a fever, when he wrote that extravagant letter to his wife, by which he gave his daughter to the son of his greatest foe, and made his bitterest enemy his heir. The idea is preposterous, my dear fellow, utterly inconsistent with justice and right reason, and never could have entered his poor head, if it had not been quite deranged. I have a great regard for Euryclea, and should be extremely unwilling to see her reduced to the distressing dilemma, of disobeying what will *appear* to be the last will of her husband, but which we both
know

know originated in the wild ravings of a distempered brain; or of performing one of the most irrational and imprudent actions it is possible a sensible woman can commit. To this dilemma, so much do I regard her peace of mind, I do avow to thee, Lico, I will not see her reduced. And thou hast it in thy choice—I will speak plainly, to prevent it, by suppressing those letters. If thou wilt give them into my hands, and wilt tell her the tale which for *her benefit* I shall suggest, riches await thee. But if thou refusest——this dagger——thou understandest me?"

"I do perfectly," answered Lico, with a nod.

This man, though not a whit more conscientious than Lysias, was abundantly more shrewd and artful; he had, during the speech of the other, been considering of the manner of comporting himself most conducive to his interest, and, ere the close of it, had formed his resolution.

"I *perfectly* understand you, Sir, (he replied, conveying into his countenance abundance of joy); I am in raptures to find

find our ideas of this strange business so exactly coincide. To confess the truth, what you so earnestly desire, is already done, the letters *are* effectually suppressed. The impropriety of such an alliance struck me so strongly on my master's death, that I threw his mad letter into the fire, together with that of Thrasyllus."

"Methinks, (answered Lyfias, with a sufficient portion of surprise marked on his countenance), in thus burning the letters thou exposhest thyself to much hazard: for since I saw them delivered to thee, if I had informed Euryclea of the circumstance, thou wouldest have incurred her severest resentment. Nor can I see any reason thou shouldest suppose I would not inform her."

"Oh! Sir, (said Lico, with a sly leer), is it possible you should suppose all slaves are deaf and blind?—No, Sir, some of us can see and hear as well as our betters. Myself, for instance, am not ignorant of your passion for our blooming little mistress; and it was partly my regard for you that suggested the idea of burning the letters.

I thought

I thought you an infinitely more proper husband for her than the ridiculous choice of my superannuated master. I knew the pain and disappointment you would suffer. In short, Sir, I was determined at all hazards, to be your friend; and I was going to inform you of it, as you stopped to discourse with me."

"Swear to me, (said Lyfias), that what thou tellest me is true."

"I swear to you, (said Lico), by every thing that I adore."

All doubts now removed in the breast of Lyfias, he entered into perfect confidence with Lico. Together they settled their conduct, fabricated a tale proper for their purpose, and then joined the funeral procession.

Vague and flying reports had already reached Idalia, of the discomfiture and captivity of Melitus, and the most restless anxiety had seized his wife and daughter. The moment therefore that Hermione, from the window of her chamber, saw the mournful cavalcade approach, her heart took the alarm. She flew into her mother's apartment, threw herself into her arms, and exclaimed, "Oh!

my father! my father! He comes, fatally comes."

The mother disengaging herself, flew frantic to the window, and saw a confirmation of all her presages. Oh! Euryclea, what were then the torturing sensations of thy heart, served in all its passions, as thou stoodst fixed immoveable; thy daughter with her arms wrapped round thee, and head reclined on thy shoulder; thou the statue of silent despair, Hermione of agonising grief; the eyes of both wildly fixed on the litter, as it approached the moat, as thy mourning servant let down the draw-bridge, and gave it entrance into the court! It stops; they are preparing to take down the coffin. Thou beholdest the narrow mansion of thy best beloved;—screaming and convulsive horror seizes thee, agonies unutterable tear thy frame, till exhausted nature sinks into insensibility, and the excess of thy woe produces a momentary oblivion of it. Thy lovely daughter also falls into successive swoonings.

Whilst this scene of sorrow engrossed the attention of the female part of the family in the upper apartments of the castle, Lyfias, who

who assumed the management of the business below, had the body of Melitus carried into the great hall, where giving orders for the usual mourning decorations to be placed, abundance of wax tapers to be lighted, and the servants and slaves to attend around, he ordered refreshments for the knights, and their attendants, and then pretended to go to the apartment of Euryclea, with Lico, to perform their engagement to the dying Melitus, and their promise to Thrasyllus.

The deplorable state of both Euryclea and Hermione had occasioned so general a confusion, that the movements of Lysias and his coadjutor were unheeded; and after having been absent a sufficient time to give colour to the pretence, they returned to the knights, with marks of uncommon grief and consternation upon their countenances. “Valiant and courteous knights (said Lysias), it is with anguish of heart, and confusion of face, that, after experiencing the hospitality of Thrasyllus, I am constrained to declare this is no place for you to abide in another hour. The lady of this mansion—alas, how frantic! how unjust! She has vowed

the utter destruction of all that belongs to Thrasyllus.—She is deaf to reason and truth. Oh! (added he, striking his bosom), that I must fail in fulfilling my engagements! But bring me materials for writing, Lico; let me not fail in my *duty* to the noble Thrasyllus, though my *services* are of no avail. Ah! me, unfortunate!" and he covered his eyes with his hand, as if to hide his tears; whilst the passionate and frantic gestures of Lico might have given suspicion to more artful men. But these good knights believing every thing true they saw, and heard, prepared to depart, when Lysias gave them the following letter:

" THE AFFLICTED LYSIAS TO THE THRICE
GENEROUS THRASYLLUS."

" It is with heart nearly broken that I inform you, noble Thrasyllus, the letter of Melitus hath not met with the success to which it was entitled, but with yours was tossed into the devouring flames. Equally vain also was all I could urge in your behalf. Euryclea, as furious as unjust, would see nothing, would hear nothing
but

but of revenge for imaginary injuries. Nay, so far did it transport her, that on her knees she vowed to murder her daughter, rather than she should wed Calliades. The aversion of Hermione to the alliance appeared no less violent, and she protested she would prefer death to such a marriage. What can I say? Methinks the greatest demonstration I can give of my gratitude for your generous treatment of me, is to advise the thinking no more of a marriage, which if it could be effected, though I think that impossible, must be totally unproductive of happiness. I kiss the hands of the noble Calliades, and lament with the deepest regret, that to be the communicator of such ungrateful intelligence should be destined to the eternally obliged, though deeply afflicted,

“ LYSIAS.”

When the knights returned with this letter to Thrasyllus, he and his son were both sensible to a painful disappointment. But being immediately immersed in all the bustle of war, it was quickly forgotten by the former,

in a multiplicity of important duties. As transient also was its effect on the mind of Calliades. He had never seen Hermione. He had heard indeed she was lovely; his lively imagination, in the few hours he was permitted to hope for her, had busily decked her with a thousand ideal beauties; but war was a new occupation, and he found in it so many charms, that it soon nearly obliterated those of Hermione. They faded from his heart like the faint images of a morning dream.

CHAP. IV.

IN alternate passionate grief, or fainting insensibility, Euryclea and Hermione passed that dreadful night; nor would they be separated. Hermione felt she had no other protector than Euryclea; Euryclea, that she had no other comfort remaining than Hermione. Melancholy society! By which the heart-wounding sorrows of each, received still more excruciating poignancy by the sufferings of the other.

Exhausted nature at length claimed irresistibly some repose, and their weeping attendants watched over their starting and broken slumbers till the succeeding morning, when a more silent and settled sorrow took place of the first effervescence of grief, and the violence of passion. Two gentlemen of Idalia and their consorts, who had heard of the melancholy state of the family, came to condole with them; and after the first pain-

ful moments of the interview, had, by a discreet and sensible conversation, by imperceptible degrees won their attention from the object of their regret; when it was instantly recalled by a message from Lyfias, to request their permission to attend them. They had been informed he had been the companion of Melitus; and a sentiment of anger and curiosity blended, impelled Euryclea to give orders for his immediate admiffion.

Indignation flushed her cheek the moment he entered. “ And dare (faid ſhe), any of that vile foldiery appear before me, who by their cowardice occaſioned the death of their leader? Particularly thou Lyfias, thou diſgrace to knighthood, who vowed to me, on thine honour, that in life or death thou wouldſt never forſake him.”

Lyfias, who before he entered had ſufficiently bedewed his face with moiſture, appeared now to ſtruggle for a ſuppreſſion of thoſe emotions which powerfully agitated his heaving boſom, leſt their violence ſhould add to the ſorrows of Euryclea. Thrice he endeavoured to ſpeak, and thrice his tremulous accents expired in his throat. The fourth effort

effort was more successful, and he made shift to articulate, " That his heart, before nearly broken by the irreparable loss of his noble friend, was now severed quite afunder by the cruelty of her reproaches—reproaches so ill deserved, for he called God and man to witness his unshaken attachment, who had never a moment quitted his general in the battle, nor on the bed of sickness: or had ever left his lifeless body till he had seen it deposited under the roof of his family mansion. Yet for some suspicions he confessed she had too just grounds: for that his noble friend, equally wise and brave, would have been victorious in the field, but for the vilest treachery."

" Ha ! sayest thou *treachery* ? (cried Euryclea, starting up), Who?—What?—Where?"

" Yes, Madam. For it was not by the cowardice of his *own* soldiers, or the disaffection of his *own* officers, but by the unexampled treachery and perfidiousness of the enemy, by which your noble husband perished. Think not, Madam, I seek

to exculpate myself by throwing the blame on others. As you suspect my honour, I shall the less wonder that you doubt my veracity, and therefore think myself peculiarly fortunate in being able to refer you for full information to a person, whose testimony *cannot* deceive you. To the faithful Lico, Madam, that slave so well loved by his noble master, and by whom he was so well beloved, who accompanied him in that fatal action, and who not bearing arms, had leisure to be a cool and minute observer of the deeds of those around, who was the companion of his captivity, and the witness of his death; to *him* I refer you, Madam, for a faithful account of all that past."

"Call him instantly," cried, pantingly, the breathless Euryclea.

He came.

"Tell me, (said she, the moment he entered) tell me the most minute circumstance which concerned thy master. Conceal nothing. Not a word—a look—tell me of the battle—of the captivity—of the——." She put her hand to her heart, paused a moment, and

and then proceeded. " Yes, I will hear *all*, know *all*—Begin."

" I will endeavour to obey your commands, Madam, to the utmost of my power, (said Lico, bowing obsequiously), and if I conceal or disguise any particular, may I die at your feet, as having rendered myself unworthy of life."

" No preface—On."

" The action in which my master was engaged against Thrasyllus was long and bloody. The soldiers fought bravely. The officers acquitted themselves like true knights. But who shall speak the prowess of my master, distinguished equally for prudence and valour? Yet one fault I will confess was very observable in him: whilst he conducted with unexampled skill and bravery his troops, he was so utterly regardless of his own personal safety, on which depended in truth the fortune of the day, that thrice in one hour would he have paid the forfeit of his temerity, had not the valiant Lyfias—he must pardon my doing that justice to his merit, which his extreme modesty forbids him to perform for himself;—

himself;—had not the brave Lyfias, with the most undaunted and lion-like courage, thrice in that hour saved him, and eminently hazarded his own life to preserve that of his general.”

The eyes of Hermione and Euryclea bent their humid beams with an expression of gratitude on the chief, and Lico, after a short pause, proceeded.

“ Victory at length began to declare herself on the side of my master: the army of Thrasyllus gave way, and the honour of the day had been ours, had not in that moment the cowardly, the base, and treacherous son of Thrasyllus, Calliades by name, had he not I say come, like a villain as he is, behind my dear master, who little suspecting him, and thinking upon nothing but vanquishing those who fought with him in front, this vile wretch thrust my beloved, my honoured master through the body with a pike, in such fury and haste, that it broke in the wound, and he fell under his horse’s feet.”

Euryclea and Hermione screamed with horror. “ Coward—Traitor—Villain, (exclaimed Euryclea, in a kind of phrensy),
Oh!

Oh! that I had thee here, that I might tear thee to pieces!—Go on, Lico. Proceed—Tell me all, that the horrid tale may end my life.”

“ At the same instant, Madam, that this abominable villany was perpetrating by that young traitor, ten or twelve of the enemy, all at once, fell upon the brave and valiant Lyfias, threw him out of the saddle, tumbled him on the ground, wrested his arms from him, who did not part from them quietly, and made him prisoner. This completed the ill fortune of our army, who, seeing their general fallen, and that hero a prisoner who alone was able to succeed him, lost all courage and fled, leaving the field to Thrafsyllus.”

“ O God! (cried Euryclea) what then became of my dear Melitus?”

“ The traitor Calliades, Madam, seeing he was not quite dead, was lifting up his arm to give the final stroke and conclude the horrid tragedy, when he was prevented by his father; not out of compassion or conscience, Madam, but, as one of the slaves afterwards assured me, purely from motives
of

of interest. He knew, Madam, the great fortune you possess, and he had a plot in his head for bringing about a match between his son and your beautiful daughter. It was for this reason he sent home the corpse of my master in so decent a manner, hoping to prepare your mind for the marriage by an action of humanity so easily performed, and costing so little. But nevertheless, Madam, though this tyger Calliades complied with his father's design, yet he ceased not to prosecute his own barbarous intention; and knowing my master's wound was not in itself mortal, he, to make the fair Hermione an heiress at the same time she became his wife, caused the wound of your noble husband, Madam, to be poisoned, when he seemed most concerned for his preservation; and this the surgeon, who being a slave was forced into the wicked action, in private discovered to me ——."

"Monster! (cried Euryclea, starting up, and then sitting down again, her eyes staring, and her whole frame agitated almost to convulsions) — and shall he go unpunished? — But go on, Lico; thou wast going to say something else."

"My

“ My noble master, Madam, perceiving himself growing every moment weaker, and observing that Thrasyllus and his son were not in the apartment, caused the valiant Lyfias and myself to come close to him, and reaching out his hand, ‘ Oh ! brave Lyfias, said he, taking him by the hand, I am now dying ; but I will not die ungrateful : for having observed in the battle that I was thrice indebted to you for that life which afterwards the coward Calliades took from me ; in requital for so brave an action, having nothing more precious in the whole world than my daughter, I bestow her upon you, knowing that you have a just sense of her value ;’ and then turning to me, who was drowned in a flood of sorrow near him, ‘ Faithful Lico, (said he) for thy fidelity I give thee thy freedom, and with it this ring, that thou mayest have something to subsist on ; but first repair to thy dear mistress, make known to her that it is my last will and desire she should give our darling Hermione in marriage to Lyfias, and as a token of it shew that ring ;’ and having pronounced these words, Madam, the last which he spoke, he expired in the embraces
of

of Lyfias. I have now, Madam, acquitted myself of my master's dying commands; and have acquainted you, by your own desire, of the traitorous manner by which his death was accomplished, and ——."

"Thou hast! thou hast! (she wildly cried) — My God! — and shall that death go unrevenge? — No; not if there's a sword devoted to justice in Cyprus — On the head of the villain, coward, traitor, will I retaliate — My Hermione, thou wilt join in this revenge?"

"I would contribute any thing to bring the murderer to justice," (replied the weeping fair one, affrighted at the fury that possessed her mother.)

"Go with me then."

She seized the hand of her trembling daughter, and, followed by Lyfias, Lico, and her Idalian friends, she flew down the great staircase, and into the hall, where lay the corpse of Melitus in all the dismal pomp of mourning — She started — Letting go her daughter, she ran forwards, threw herself on the marble pavement beside the coffin, pushed off its cover, tore from the face the sheet that shrouded

shrouded the corpse, contemplated for a moment the sad spectacle, took up the cold and clammy hand, but, shuddering with horror, let it drop.

“ And is *this*, (at last she cried) *this* sad and dismal object all that remains of the gallant and handsome Melitus? Of him whose presence charmed, whose conversation animated? Now pale, cold, frightful — horrid change! — and by *what* treachery — by *whom* was it effected? ”

Her passions, suspended for a moment, again rose; her complexion grew inflamed; her eyes shot fire. — “ Base, inhuman murderer! (she cried with a hoarse and convulsed voice); and shall the deed go unrevenged? No, my Melitus, thou best of men! thou tenderest of husbands! No. Thy wife will *greatly* avenge thee. For on this cold hand I swear—swear by every thing sacred in heaven and earth, that I will devote, to revenge thy death, every thing precious thou hast left me in life — thy wealth — thy beloved daughter—ALL.—Thou great Being, whose awful eye is now upon me, lowly as I am laid at the feet of thy murdered servant —
thou

thou whose sacred precept is, 'By blood only can blood be expiated,' (*Genesis* c. ix. v. 6.) strike me with instant death, let the earth open and swallow me up, or let some more dreadful judgement pursue my perjury, if I give my daughter in marriage to any man who doth not first present me with the head and hand of Calliades—that head which could plan, and that hand which could execute the murder of my husband."

"Witness ye all my vow, (she added, rising, and looking round); and thou, my Hermione, wilt not thou join in it?"—"I will, Madam," (she replied, who was all this time weeping by her side over the corpse of her father, and shivering with horror at scenes so uncongenial to her gentle nature.)

"Swear then."

"By the great Lord of Heaven I swear (she said, lifting upwards her streaming eyes) to conform to all my mother's wishes; nor marry any other man than him who will bring me the head and hand of Calliades."

"I am satisfied," (cried Euryclea, and immediately hurried out of the hall without perceiving her daughter had fainted. She

entered

entered her chamber, followed by all but the three ladies, who remained with Hermione, where, throwing herself on her couch, a violent effusion of tears gave relief to her swollen heart, and happily prevented her high-wrought enthusiasm from heightening into phrenzy.)

Lyfias now approached her. — “Your vow, (said he) Madam, is surely inconsistent with the exprefs and positive will of your deceased lord, who, without any restriction or previous condition, gave his daughter in marriage to me.”

“Hadst thou (she indignantly replied) comported thyself *worthy* the son-in-law of Melitus, my vengeance, and with it my vow, would have been forestalled. Acquainted as thou wert with the villany of Calliades, thy own dagger, though at the most imminent danger of thy life, ought to have avenged it, and not only have brought me his head, but carving from the bosom of the murderer his black and diabolical heart, presented that also to glut my vengeance. Go, remedy thy omissions — bring me what I require, and Hermione is in the same moment thine.”

Perceiving

Perceiving the present an improper season to urge his claim, Lyfias, dispirited and disappointed, withdrew from the apartment with Lico to lament this sudden and unexpected turn, which had rendered all their schemes abortive, and to plan others which might be more effectual.

The obsequies of Melitus were celebrated the next day with great pomp and solemnity, and Euryclea gave orders for a sumptuous mausoleum to be erected over him.

CHAP. V.

TRANSIENT was the triumph of the queen's army, resulting from the death of Melitus; for James soon after appeared not only with a numerous assemblage of malecontents, but having found means to interest Kaytebeg, Sultan of Egypt, in his favour, he had reinforced him with a considerable body of Mamlucks.

Does my youthful reader wish for information concerning this odd-named body of soldiery? The Mamlucks were the standing army of Egypt, composed not of native Egyptians, but of foreigners and slaves, trained to war from their infancy, from whom the corps became by the Turks opprobriously named *Mamlucks*, signifying slaves; their original name being *Cherkassians*. For some ages they had ruled Egypt by military law: a government extremely displeasing to the natives, but to which their natural imbecility

lity and indolence had, after some faint struggles, constrained them to submit. What ensured the Mamlucks their permanent power was the invariably, on the death of a Sultan, selecting his successor from among them.

Historians are not agreed as to their origin; will they pardon the conjectures of a woman?

When Egypt was wrested from the Roman Empire by the Saracens, though the body of the people not only submitted to the conquerors, but also embraced their religion, which was Mahometanism, yet till time had united two nations so diametrically opposite in every natural inclination and principle, it was undoubtedly necessary in the Saracens to preserve their martial force distinct; and from among themselves, on the decease of one chief, to proceed to elect another. Hence, I think, indisputably originated the military government.

By degrees the Saracen fierceness coalesced with the Egyptian softness, and the nations melted into each other; yet the army establishment, by which the dominion of the victor was preserved, became permanent, as

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still

still necessary for the defence of an imbecile and indolent people, among whose vices inconstancy was not the least glaring. Foreigners, famous in arms, were admitted to fill those vacancies time had made in the brave troops; and robust youths purchased, and trained to arms, as a future supply. Also from this corps were the Sultans chosen, as from the native source of Saracen blood, though in reality so contaminated by adventitious mixtures, that at length not a globule of the original could be left. Thus probably rose the government of the Mamlucks or slaves.

But, however formed, this military establishment was now the only defence of Egypt, for the rest of the people were entirely ignorant of the use of arms, which, in the next generation, occasioned the subversion of the kingdom; for when Selim, the grandson of Mahomet the Great, invaded it, and conquered the Mamlucks by his immense superiority of numbers, Egypt fell to him an unresisting and easy prey.

With the assistance of these formidable forces, the party of James was every where predominant

predominant in Cyprus. He defeated Lewis of Savoy in a pitched battle; besieged him in Nicosia, his metropolis; took that city; drove the unfortunate prince into the citadel, where leaving him closely blockaded, he turned his arms against Thrasyllus, and constrained that general to retreat before him, who threw himself, with his few faithful troops, into Cerines, where the queen had before taken refuge; and that city was immediately closely invested by James.

Thrasyllus saw it would be impossible, with his handful of men, long to defend the town, particularly as the inhabitants were infected with the general discontent; he therefore took the resolution of abandoning it, and retiring into the citadel, a fortress which, by nature and art, he deemed impregnable; for, built upon an immense rock, it was on the land side inaccessible, and from its situation towards the sea entirely commanded the bay, which was so small that it could not contain more than two or three ships, so that he could easily repel from thence any force sent against him, and by his light vessels draw provisions from the opposite shore of Caramania.

All this he represented to the queen, and at the same time counseled her to seek refuge in Italy; from whence, by the interest of those families to whom she was allied, she might probably be able to gain a sufficient reinforcement of troops to reinstate her in the throne; whilst, from his situation in the citadel, he should be ready to receive her, and give energy to her efforts.

Torn from her husband, deserted by all her kingdom, nothing remaining of her late splendid train but a few faithful knights, some females and gentlemen of her household, the unhappy Charlotte acquiesced in this just advice, but entreated with tears that Thrasyllus would suffer his son to accompany her, as a protector on whose fidelity she could with confidence rely, for her misfortunes had rendered her timid and suspicious. The request was granted without hesitation, though not without a paternal sigh.

An armed vessel was prepared, the wind became favourable, the queen and her slender train were conducted on board. The father and son embraced with that melancholy energetic tenderness that foreboded they

should meet no more. Calliades repeatedly knelt for the paternal benediction; with enthusiastic fervour was it reiterated. "Pardon my tears, (cried Calliades); they flow from filial affection, and therefore not unworthily bedew a warrior's eyes. Adieu, best of fathers — of men —."

Articulation was denied Thrasyllus. He lifted his eyes to Heaven, as he strained his beloved offspring to his bosom. He tore himself from the fond embrace, and ran hastily from the beach. Calliades continued looking after him, and then ascended the lofty side of the vessel. The sails were spread, and swelled with the benignant breeze. The pilot soon cleared the bay, traversed the open sea, passed the innumerable islands of Greece, and at length, after a prosperous voyage, having only touched for two days at Sicily, reached the Italian coast, entered the bay, and dropped anchor in the harbour of Leghorn.

After some days refreshment at Leghorn, Charlotte, with her suite, set forwards on her journey to Florence, in which city resided a brother of her first husband, the Cardinal

dinal de Lisbonne, by whose means she had assured herself of engaging the republic in her interests.

Having reached the environs, she stopped at a house in the vicinity of the city, and sent two knights to announce her approach to the cardinal. Alas! on their return, what was the grief and disappointment of this unhappy princess to find all her hopes blasted, for that the cardinal had been two months entombed in the mausoleum of his ancestors!

As some alleviation to her sorrows, however, she was informed, that the magistracy of the state was preparing to meet and conduct her to the city with the honours due to her rank; and she was constrained to dry up her tears that she might receive the Florentines with proper dignity. At length she saw them approach, and giving her hand to Calixtus, and followed by her retinue, she went forth to meet them.

The first who drew near, at the head of the procession, was the Gonfalonier, in the robes of his office. It was Alexander Machiavel, the father of that Nicholas Machiavel

who has immortalized his name by his writings, which, abounding equally in wit and ingenuity, in irreligion and a dark and crooked policy, evince to the world the greatest talents, united to the blackest heart.

The Gonfalonier was the principal magistrate in Florence, in whom almost all the executive power of the republic is vested; but as the office was instituted to preserve the balance between the nobles and the plebeians, the officer was annually chosen from a middle rank, that, being equally distant from the two extremes, his judgement might be the more impartial to both: the manners of Alexander, therefore, a sensible, well-meaning, but uncourtly man, ill qualified him for receiving and welcoming a royal guest; and conscious of his own deficiencies, after a short speech, in which the penetration of the queen discerned much good sense, debased by more awkwardness, he gave unreluctant way to the next personage, whose noble appearance and majestic air impressed Charlotte with admiration, and Calliades with awe — it was Cosimo de Medicis, whom the state of Florence hailed

hailed with the glorious titles of "*Friend of the People, and Father of his Country!*"

But if the sublimity of his air impressed his beholders with awe, the goodness, the benevolence which irradiated his heavenly countenance, and gave the idea of a divinity in human shape, melted the sentiment into one more congenial with the affections; and the timid mind grew assured, the shrinking heart expanded, at his encouraging glances, his gracious manners.

Cosmo advanced towards the queen, and in terms at once dignified and conciliating welcomed her to Florence, though he deplored the necessity which had driven her thither. He assured her of the protection of the republic, and entreated the honour of entertaining her at his own house during her residence in the city.

Charlotte accepted the invitation in a manner worthy herself; and, preceded by the Gonfalonier, led by Cosmo, and followed by the rest, was conducted to the palace of the Medici.

CHAP. VI.

WHILE the family de Medici, by the most amiable attentions, sought to console and amuse their royal guest, Calliades, with the eager curiosity of youth, and the avidity of an ingenious and inquiring mind, ran over the city, and with wonder and delight surveyed the new and uncommon scenes it presents. Habituated as he had hitherto been to the observation only of the voluptuous indolence in which the sensual Cypriot, enervated by the softness of his clime, and regardless of all things but the pleasures of the present moment, is constantly immersed, the triumphs of the aspiring and active soul, the works of genius and of industry, had, in his eyes, all the charms of novelty.

The commercial spirit of Italy had long been prompt and enterprising. By it Genoa, Venice, Pisa, had risen from inconsiderable towns to rich and powerful states. From the

ports

ports of Egypt their ships had received the precious commodities of the Indies, and again disposed them into all the ports of the Mediterranean.

Florence had early also a most lucrative share of trade; for though not a maritime state till she acquired Leghorn, she had purchased from those states their rich imports, and her numerous caravans distributed them over the continent of Europe. From her mart at Bruges, in the Netherlands, they found their way across the channel to England, and supplied the northern nations.

But neither this commercial bustle, nor yet the perpetual wars in which she was unavoidably engaged with her turbulent and encroaching neighbours, so entirely engrossed her attention, but that her universal genius and indefatigable spirit found leisure to cultivate all the arts of peace, and improved them to higher perfection than they were found in in any other part of the world.

Long before the Ottoman conquests had driven from Constantinople to Italy the feeble remainder of Grecian learning and science, which still lingered there, the citizens

of Florence had, by the piercing rays of an all-pervading genius, dispelled from around them the darkness of ignorance and barbarism, revived the slumbering arts, improved the old; and invented new. Brunelleschia reformed the Gothic architecture; Guido Aretinus the music; Dante, Boccace, and Petrarch, refined the language; and Cimabue, without any assistance, became anew the inventor of painting.

Thus signalising herself equally in commerce, in war, and the liberal arts, Florence was to Italy what Attica had been to Greece, the fountain of genius, the source of science and of taste. But at no period had the arts been cultivated with greater avidity or higher success than under the patronage of Cosimo de Medecis.

Enriched by commerce, the first of merchants, and the parent of princes, this untitled sovereign of the hearts of the Florentines expended his immense wealth not only in relieving the necessities of his plebeian fellow-citizens, in splendidly entertaining the higher orders, but also in adorning the city with superb and useful edifices, and in in-
viting

viting to Florence, and supporting them there, the most learned and ingenious among the Greeks, who had been driven by the Turks from Constantinople ; by which a love for literature was wonderfully promoted, a general taste for ancient learning spread, and the Greek writers of every class known and admired.

With no other arts of popularity than his good deeds, with no other superiority than his merit and wisdom, the advice of Cosmo was for thirty years the law of the republic. The plebeians reposed with unlimited confidence their interests in his hands, who had saved their liberties from the ambitious encroachments of the nobles. His magnificence, his generosity, his wisdom, gave him as great an ascendancy over the minds of the nobility : so that the political state of Florence was extremely singular : all the appearance of a republican government existed ; the people were passionately attached to it, yet they not only permitted, but eagerly desired one man to take as absolute a direction of their affairs as if he had been formally invested with sovereign dominion : and

that man, the most generous, the most disinterested of human beings, with the liberties of his country at his feet, took no other advantage of its fond partiality than to direct it to its own honour and benefit. Surely this presents an *unique* in the annals of mankind!

Though the enlightened mind of Calliades had a general relish for all the arts, it was painting which particularly attached him. He would stand for hours gazing on a favourite piece. The works of Cimabue he found admirable for first inventions, for such they actually were in regard to himself; but those of Giotto were his greatest favourites, that artist having greatly improved on the discoveries of his master. "What airs of heads! (he would exclaim.) What attitudes! What boldness and warmth of colouring! Is it possible these fine forms should spring from the ideas of a shepherd boy! Fortunate rencontre, happy hour for posterity when Cimabue discovered thee tending thy fleecy charge, and giving tokens of thy latent genius by inscribing thy infantine designs with charcoal on a lump of clay!"

Equally

Equally admirable was the talent of Giotto in sculpture and mosaic work ; one specimen of the latter Calliades contemplated with peculiar delight, as it possessed the durability of marble, with the exquisite expression of the finest painting : it was Peter walking on the sea to meet the Saviour of mankind. The form of the ship, the undulating of the waves, though beautifully exhibited, could not a moment detain the eye from the mixed expression of the countenance of Peter, half assured, half doubting, and the varied characteristic signs of amazement and terror on the faces of the other disciples.

So enchanted was Calliades with this delightful imitative art, that he determined to learn it, and thought himself happy in being able to procure the instructions of the first master then existing, the famed Gentili Bel-lino.

This ingenious man, possessing the keenest penetration, by one intuitive glance developed the character, and attaching himself more to the spirit and expression of the countenance than to the servile delineation of the features, none said coolly of a portrait of

his painting, "It is extremely like;" but every beholder exclaimed, "Heavens! it is the *very* man. How alive! How animated! He moves! He speaks!" It was this characteristic delineation, this animated resemblance which had justly acquired Bellino celebrity: there were few great personages then living who had not sought to have their features handed down to posterity by him; and he had been sent for to Constantinople by Mahomet the Great for the sole purpose of drawing his picture.

Having by this intercourse with the world acquired a general knowledge of countries, of courts, and of characters, Calliades found his master, in the intervals of their agreeable occupation, a companion the most entertaining as well as instructive; for Bellino, charmed with the ingenuous vivacity of his pupil, and his ardent thirst for knowledge, took delight in gratifying his curiosity.

But of all the courts which Gentili had visited, none excited the attention of Calliades so much as that of Constantinople. Not that he wanted to hear described the curiosities and

and splendour of the city, but it was Mahomet himself of whom he wished to hear — the man who could subdue twelve kingdoms and two hundred cities! The *conqueror* was so aggrandized in the imagination of our youthful Cypriot, that he reluctantly believed the *man* so inhuman, so vicious, as the Christians who had suffered by his ambition had represented him.

On expressing these desires, “You have taxed me severely, my young pupil, (said Bellino, smiling) to require an *impartial* character of Mahomet from *me*; for, dazzled by his superior talents, fascinated by his gracious manners, peculiarly attached by his generosity, is it *possible* I can be impartial? To oblige you, I will, however, try; yet perhaps you will say, when I describe this Mussulman, I forget I am a Christian.

“This Turk, this infidel, has had the happiness of an education superior to any other prince now living: he speaks fluently Greek, Chaldean, Arabic, Persian, Latin; he is undoubtedly the best poet in the empire; and were he not constantly engaged in war, would be the first genius in the world in literature
and

and the fine arts, to which he gives now the most liberal and princely patronage. Possessed of an acuteness of observation, a promptitude of soul which sees and decides, which wills and acts with the rapidity of lightning; feeling himself stimulated by a genius, which enables him with ease to perform what the extreme efforts of most others are incapable of achieving; unrivalled in mental abilities; unchecked by earthly authority; what would be pride in others is in him but a noble consciousness of his worth, which gives unreservedness to his conversation, and frankness to his manners: he disdains disguise, and is too fearless for reserve.

“ From this energy of soul result his vices as well as his virtues. He loves with *unbounded* ardour, he hates with *relentless* implacability: he is *severely* and *inexorably* just; and hence that inhumanity of which his enemies accuse him — those Christian powers whose rule of action is, ‘ No faith is to be kept with infidels; no mercy extended towards them:’ whose perpetual breach of the most solemn covenants exhausted his patience and roused his revenge. If his retaliations

liations in proportion exceeded his provocations, those powers ought to have been more guarded in waking the sleeping lion.

“ But I might have spared myself a waste of words by merely shewing his portrait, so legibly has nature inscribed his character on his countenance; so strongly impressed on his look, his air, is his exalted character. Here is his picture which he graciously permitted me to take for myself; and say if you do not feel from the appearance of this man that he was born to govern the world, to astonish the nations? Observe the frank and open forehead, and you will see a soul which disdains concealment, and knows no disguise. What dignity and self-confidence sits on his awful brow! — His eye — my God! what a task to express its varying expression, obedient to every emotion of his soul, the lightning not more vivid, more piercing, nor more tremendously threatening! — What masculine energy, what majesty in the nose! — But observe the mouth, its expression is peculiar; harsh, yet sensual. In the upper part of the face the *monarch* speaks, in the lower the *man*!

“ His

“ His figure, were it that of an ordinary man, we should say is handsome ; but remark in yourself what attaches you to the portrait of Mahomet, and you will find it is not its beauty, or symmetry of form, or features, but its air of greatness, which astonishes and awes ; it synonyms of a sublime and dauntless soul, accustomed to give law to all, to receive it from none ; and which, elevated by a conscious superiority beyond the common standard of man, feels itself born to command and conquer.

“ As in this picture I had the happiness of delineating faithfully and accurately the features of the greatest of monarchs, so in *this*, (added Bellino, bringing forward another, and placing it before Calliades) in this, my young pupil, I had equal felicity in transcribing those of the first of soldiers and of generals, the present Duke of Milan, Francis Sforza.

“ To assist your investigation of the character of his countenance, I will, whilst you contemplate it, slightly sketch his history.

“ In the interval of those wars which, in the last and preceding century, overspread
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the continent of Europe, originated those armies of disciplined banditti, known now by the name of *Condottieri*. For the soldiers disbanded as useless in those intervals, too ignorant of the arts of peace to have recourse to them for subsistence, or too idle to forego their roving and defultory habits, still adhered to each other in great bodies: some entrenched themselves in the fastnesses of mountains, and sallying forth on the defenceless country, subsisted by plunder; others, and those the greatest part, put themselves under some favourite chief, or brave companion, and sold their military services to the surrounding states.

“ A band of these passing through a field near the little village of Cottignole, saw a young peasant at plough, of so fine a height and figure, that they were seized with a desire of having him among them; and, addressing him, they set before him the unconfined and happy life of a soldier in all the glowing colours of natural eloquence. Attendulo heard them with attention. His eyes sparkled, and his cheeks glowed at the scenes of pleasure, but more at the paths of glory these
new

new friends pointed out; yet some remains of his early attachment to pastoral life rendering him undetermined; and the Condottieri pressing him to decide, ' My heart (said he) is with you, but I know not whether I *ought* to obey its dictates.' — ' Holy Mary! (added he, lifting his eyes to heaven) condescend to be arbitress of my fate:—If this plough-share lodges in that tree, I will suppose I am to be companion to these brave men; but if it falls to the ground, I will take for granted that thou hast destined me still to till the earth.'

" He threw up the plough-share; it caught and hung aloft in the boughs of the tree. He enrolled himself a member of the Condottieri; changed his name to Sforza; soon distinguished himself among his companions for superior prudence as well as bravery; in a very short time, by the death of their commander, was appointed their general; and by a girl, who followed him to the camp, he was the father of the hero before you.

" As a general, he first acquired celebrity in assisting the Florentines, then at war with the Neapolitans; but his superior merit awakened

kened the envy of *Ursini*, the Florentine commander, whose insolent behaviour soon drove Sforza and his faithful bands into the interest of the opponent power. He served with energy Ladislaus, king of Naples, and his sister Jane, who succeeded him, in whose court, on her accession, his importance was first viewed with so jealous an eye, that Sforza found himself obnoxious to the lover of that libertine princess, and afterwards to her husband, and was alternately imprisoned by both. But when Jane had emancipated herself from the hated control of her consort, who had murdered her lover, and circumscribed her authority, Sforza resumed his greatness with additional luster. He was made constable of Naples, and generalissimo of the armies, but was unfortunately drowned on passing a river on his march to relieve a besieged city, and his honours devolved on his illegitimate son, the present Francis, equal to his father in all military accomplishments, superior to him in all civil ones, from the advantages of a liberal education.

“Our youthful hero commenced his career of glory with equal honour to himself and
 advantage

advantage to his royal mistress; but his personal graces were too captivating not to be viewed with envious eyes by the jealous and ambitious Carracioli, her favourite lover, who, acquainted with the foibles, and distrusting the constancy of the queen, contrived to remove Sforza from her presence, and afterwards to detach him from her service; by which means, reigning in her favour without any apprehended rival, that indiscreet princess became subjected to all his insolence and caprice.

“ But Carracioli presumed too far on the partiality of Jane, and, forgetting her violent temper was capable of proceeding to any extremity, he imprudently roused the resentment of his sovereign, when he fancied himself only quarrelling with a mistress. In the first fury of her resentment she condemned him to death; and those about her, by an immediate execution, took care he should not be benefited by any change of mind.

“ Unhappy Jane! too late she repented the precipitate sentence. Her regret, her tears were unavailing. Torn by remorse, consumed by irremediable sorrow, the image
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of her murdered lover ever present to her distempered imagination, she sunk broken hearted into the grave; but not before she had, by the capriciousness of her conduct, entailed all the woes of perpetual war on her bleeding country, by first adopting Alphonso, king of Arragon, for her heir to the crown of Naples, and afterwards Lewis of Anjou. Their competition still exists, and will probably long continue.

“ After quitting the Neapolitans, the youthful Sforza and his veteran bands entered into the service of the duke of Milan, Philip Galeazzo, one of the most restless and turbulent of the Visconti family, whose ambitious graspings at the sovereignty of all Italy had drawn upon him the jealousy and resentment of the neighbouring states, particularly of Venice, who, flourishing in commerce, rising in riches and in greatness, had formed schemes of dominion grasping and daring as his own.

“ In those interviews which Sforza necessarily held with Galeazzo, he saw and conversed with the fair Bianca, the duke's illegitimate daughter, who was his only child,
and

and her beauty and accomplishments made such an impression, that the duke perceived it, and artfully rendered it a means of binding the youthful warrior more strongly to his interest, by making him the most solemn promises, her hand should reward his services.

“ Thus, doubly stimulated by love and glory, Sforza performed prodigies of valour: but when, by his wonderful exertions, he had extricated Philip from all his difficulties, that ungrateful prince reproached him with his ignoble birth, his want of dominion, and refused him the fair reward of his merit.

“ Stung by resentment, the gallant adventurer determined his sword should remedy the deficiencies of his birth; he turned his arms against the pope, from whom he conquered the Marquisate of Ancona, and much other dominion, besides great riches. But this not satisfying Galeazzo, Sforza took the resolution of forcing him to seek for that union which now he affected to despise, and offered his services to the Venetians, who were again at war with Milan.

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" The Duke of Milan now saw city after city wrested from him, his army discomfited in every engagement, and himself in imminent danger of being left an empty title. His proud heart was constrained to bow to necessity, and humbly sue for peace to that man whom he had so grossly insulted: the Marquis of Este, since Duke of Modona, offered to negotiate between them; the daughter of Galeazzo, a vast fortune, and the succession to the dukedom of Milan, were tendered to Sforza, and accepted by him with transport. He concluded a peace, his marriage was celebrated with great pomp, and he was publicly declared, by Philip, his successor.

" Yet the deceitful and inconstant Galeazzo refused to fulfil the greatest part of his engagement: he withheld those places which were to have been a part of his daughter's dowry, and treated his son-in-law with such indignity, that he was obliged again to have recourse to arms to bring him to reason. At the head of the Venetian armies, Sforza once more constrained Philip

to sue for peace, but the duke died before it was concluded.

“ Instead of that quiet succession to the dukedom of Milan, which Storza might have reasonably expected, difficulties and obstacles every where sprung up. The perfidious Galeazzo had, a short time before his death, adopted Alphonso of Arragon for his heir, who was hastening from Naples to assert his supposed right: Charles Duke of Orleans claimed the dukedom as its *legitimate* heir, being the son of Philip's sister; and the states of Venice, in consequence of those victories to which Sforza had led them, demanded it from him in right of conquest. The pope, whose dominions he had curtailed, thwarted all his measures; and Sforza found no one friend but Cosmo de Medicis, for the *Republic* of Florence remained neuter.

“ But with the assistance of that money with which the generous Cosmo liberally supplied him, the bravery and address of Francis, in the end, surmounted every difficulty: the Milanese, grown sensible of his worth, called him to their dominion with

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one voice; received him into their city with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy, where he and his duchess, in the most perfect conjugal union, have now reigned eleven years, with equal honour to themselves, and happiness to their people; the gallant Sforza delighting now as much in cultivating the arts of peace, as he had formerly in those of war.

“Now let us recur to the pictures.— Though nature formed these two great men, Mahomet and Sforza, of the same sublime elements, fortune has moulded them differently; and though, in their portraits, the air of each is singularly varied from the other, the variation has been impressed by the hand of necessity, and is by no means a mark indicative of internal dissimilarity; for change the circumstance of their birth, Mahomet would have been Duke of Milan, and Sforza a Lord of the Eastern World.

“In the picture of Mahomet, you perceive that master of the world. Firm, erect, confident of his own abilities, secure in despotic sovereignty, he immediately advances upon

his object, and, in a tone of indisputable authority, cries, ‘ I *will* be obeyed.’

“ In that of Sforza, though the lion-like air of the dauntless warrior is apparent, together with a noble consciousness of his own abilities, yet not being equally assured of the instruments of his power, and being long obliged to win his difficult way by circumspection, patience, and prudence, you see in his graceful form an air of condescension, a bend of courteousness; and in his eyes, in place of that fire which dazzles in those of Mahomet, and that fierceness which awes, a look that once reflects, and penetrates; a piercing regard that searches the soul, and detects disguise. Magnanimity mingles with courage in his fine countenance, for he has known what it is to suffer; and finesse *a little* clouds the openness of his brow, for concealment and art have been necessary to him.”

Here Bellino ceased. Calliades expressed, in ardent terms, the pleasure the conversation gave him; and had the satisfaction of being informed, it should be resumed at some convenient opportunity.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

FEW days had passed ere Calliades reminded Bellino of his promise, who readily complied with his pupil's wishes, by setting before him the stern portraits of two renowned warriors.

"These (said he) are two men, whose names will descend to latest posterity, for the brave stand they made against the torrent of the Ottoman conquests. This is Huniades, the White Knight of Hungary, and that Scander Beg, Prince of Albania."—
 Whilst you contemplate their features, I will slightly sketch the outline of their history.

"The emperor Albertus, archduke of Austria, who held the crown of Hungary in right of his wife, the daughter of the emperor Sigismund, died without male issue, but left his Queen *enceinte*. The states of Hungary taking into consideration their perilous situation from the neighbourhood of

the all-conquering Amurath; who, if he had not absolutely subdued the provinces which formed the barrier of their kingdom, Servia and Wallachia; yet held the petty princes of those districts in such subjection, that nothing was to be hoped from their interposition, and deeming the government of a woman too weak to repel so potent an adversary, offered the person of their youthful queen, and with her their kingdom, to Uladislaus, the young and brave monarch of Poland. That prince acceded to the proposal; but, before the negotiation could be concluded, the queen was delivered of a son. Averse to the purposed union, alive to the interests of her child, she refused her consent; formed a party for herself in the kingdom, and the event was dissensions, factions, and at length civil war.

“ Thus, the very means which that brave and free people had taken to strengthen themselves against Amurath, proved the most favourable circumstance which could have happened for him. He took immediate advantage of it, passed the Danube into Wallachia, by rapid marches reached Hungary, and,

and, while two competitors contended for the kingdom, would quickly have wrested it from both, had not John Hunniades, regardless of the feuds which tore his unhappy country, and attentive alone to its real interests, assembled, in this exigency, a body of brave men; which, though much too weak to contend with the sultan in the field, yet so harassed him in his marches, cutting off his foraging parties, and intercepting his provisions, that he was at last constrained, for want of being able to subsist his vast army in the desolated country, to repass the Danube, and return to Adrianople.

“ Not however discouraged, Amurath, early in the succeeding spring, set his face against Hungary. The inhabitants of that country had now compromised their differences. Uladislaus was declared the guardian of the kingdom, as Hunniades was of the queen, and of the interests of the young prince, whose person, for its better security, was placed under the care of the emperor, so that their councils united, enabled them with greater effect to defend the kingdom.

"The first attempt of Amurath, was on Belgrade, a town of infinite strength, on the confluence of two rivers, the Save and the Danube; and by its situation on the frontier of Hungary of the first importance, as it may be justly termed the key of Christendom, and its bulwark against the attacks of the Ottomans.

"The efforts which the sultan made to take this place were incredible: high mounts and towers were raised against it; the walls were battered with the utmost fury, while the Danube and Save were covered with Turkish vessels to intercept all supplies. The town was as bravely defended as attacked, by a Florentine commander, who greatly annoyed Amurath, and destroyed his soldiers by means of a dust, composed of nitre, sulphur, and charcoal; which, being fired, exploded upon them, with irresistible force, balls of iron, through long tubes; and even when a breach was made in the walls, and it was mounted by the Janisaries, they were repulsed with the loss of twelve thousand of their bravest men.

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" Finding, at length, every art ineffectual, the disappointed sultan, in great bitterness of mind, was constrained to raise the siege, and had the still farther mortification of having those troops, which, on his return to Adrianople, he had left to ravage the country, attacked by Hunniades, who gained a complete victory over them. Amurath did not now disdain hearkening to overtures of peace. A solemn covenant was entered into between him and the Hungarians, of which both sides solemnly swore to preserve the good faith: Uladislaus on the Gospel, the Sultan on the Alcoran.

" Soon after this event, weary of the toils of state, and disgusted with the world, the noble Amurath, convoked an assembly of his great men, formally resigned the imperial turban to his son Mahomet, then about twenty years old, and retired into philosophic solitude.

" But no sooner was the world acquainted with this uncommon incident, than the surrounding nations, those who had felt, and those who had dreaded, the power of his arms, united against his son: even the Hun-

garians, notwithstanding their recent oath, were found in the combination; for their cardinal legate, Julian Cesarini, made it satisfactorily appear to them, that it could not, as it was made without the consent of the pope, be of any obligation, but, on the contrary, as no faith ought to be kept with infidels and heretics, it was *meritorious* to violate it. His holiness formally absolved Uladislaus from his oath, and *commanded* the truce to be broken.

“ Thus, freed from all conscientious restraints, Uladislaus and Hunniades, at the head of the Asian and European powers, invaded and ravaged the Ottoman territories; while one hundred and twenty-five Roman and Venetian gallies blocked up the mouth of the Bosphorous, by which the sultan’s communication with Europe and Asia was cut off.

“ Alarmed at this formidable confederacy, Mahomet hastened to his father, laid his turban at his feet, and entreated him to resume the sovereignty. With much reluctance, Amurath consented. By his address, he relaxed the vigilance of the Roman and Venetian

Venetian admirals, passed the Bosphorous, repaired to Adrianople, and, with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, attacked the confederates at Varna.

“ In the beginning of the action, Amurath, indignant at the perfidy of the Christians, and precipitated by passion and resentment, advanced in person, at the head of his horse, too far for the infantry to support him; of which the eagle-eyed Huniades took such advantage, that the Ottomans were repulsed with great slaughter. In this distressing moment, Amurath pulled from his bosom the Hungarian treaty, stuck the unfolded writing on his spear as a banner, and, in a voice heard by both armies, appealed to the justice of God for the punishment of perjury. The spirits of his enemies were damped, the ardour of his own troops rekindled at the appeal, they fought with such fury, that the total rout of the confederates ensued. Uladisslaus was killed, - as was that firebrand, the cardinal legate, together with a vast number of prelates and churchmen, who deemed themselves performing a service acceptable to God in fighting against the

Infidels; and the brave Hunniades was taken prisoner, as he was making his retreat, by Dragul, the vawod of Wallachia, in whose territory the battle was fought. Nor was the victory bloodless on the side of the sultan, who lost thirty thousand of his best troops.

“ Afflicted at the slaughter of so many brave men, the victory of Mahomet was tasteless to him. His desire of retirement recurred with additional force from this short remission: again he resigned his sceptre, and buried himself in solitude. The same event ensued: the Christians acquired fresh spirits; the indefatigable Hunniades, now at liberty, with his Hungarians, were again at their head; and a new enemy, restless, daring, the intrepid Scander Beg, was added to the list; but whose history, for the clearer comprehension of it, we will reserve apart.

“ So modest was then the opinion which Mahomet entertained of his own abilities, that he again entreated his father to resume the sovereignty: and so displeased was Amurath at his son’s want of confidence in himself, that, on quitting his solitude, he indignantly

nantly commanded Mahomet to confine himself to it, as a place which better befitted him than the throne of a warlike empire.

“ On the plains of Bulgaria, Amurath encountered, and entirely defeated, Hunniades, who was taken prisoner by the despot of Servia, and was obliged to purchase his liberty, by giving his daughter in marriage to the despot's son. Amurath returned to Adrianople, celebrated the marriage of his son Mahomet, and very soon after died, being no more than forty-nine years of age.

“ Now the genius of Mahomet blazed forth: the remains of the Roman empire were subdued, Constantinople was taken, and Greece owned him for her lord. He made himself master of Servia, and commenced the siege of Belgrade, with an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, while the rivers were covered with a fleet of three hundred vessels; and vast instruments of destruction, called mortars, the invention of Mahomet, which, by the assistance of the nitrous dust, exploded from their tremendous jaws great balls of iron, were brought to batter the walls.

“ But the intrepid Hunniades had thrown himself into the city, and repelled every attack of that immense host. He destroyed the mortars, and in an hour, fortunate for Hungary, sallied forth, gave the sultan battle, totally defeated him, and destroyed his whole fleet. This glorious victory, which preserved the liberties of Hungary, and rendered the name of Belgrade odious to the ear of Mahomet, was, by the grateful Hungarians, deemed too dearly purchased, since it cost their invaluable defender his life, who died a few days after the battle of the wounds he received in it.”

“ Now we will cast our eyes on Scander Beg, whose real name is George Castriot. His father was despot of Albania and Epirus, whose domain, conquered by Amurath, was left under the government of its native sovereign, but his four sons were detained as hostages by the sultan; the three eldest in a state of confinement, whilst George, the younger, was circumcised, educated in the Mahometan religion, and in the Ottoman court.

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“ As George grew up, he discovered such extraordinary mental powers, such amazing strength and agility in all his exercises, that he became the greatest favourite of Amurath, who surnamed him Iscander, or Alexander, from the Macedonian conqueror; which, with the additional appellation of Beg, or Lord, which was given him when in consequence of the sultan's high opinion of his abilities and fidelity, he was made governor of a province, forms the name by which he is now known, Scander Beg, or Lord Alexander.

“ Whilst Amurath continued to heap favours and honours on him, the father and three elder brothers of Scander Beg died; deeming himself now heir of Epirus and Albania, he determined to seize their sovereignty. He secretly commenced a correspondence with some of their chief men, formed a considerable party in the country, and laid perdue for an opportunity of openly declaring his pretensions.

“ An opportunity soon presented itself. Scander Beg was sent to command against the

the Christians, under Caram Beg, the very bashaw who was appointed governor of Albania after the decease of John Castriot. Caram Beg was defeated and taken prisoner: Scander Beg fled in the rout of the army, but, wakeful to his own interest, and by no means nice in the mode of effecting it, he, with his party, joined in his flight the bashaw's secretary, who was flying also with several attendants, and took upon him to direct them into a thick forest for shelter; where, whilst they were reposing their weary limbs, he, with his adherents, suddenly fell on the attendants of the affrighted secretary, and after having murdered them, constrained him to write a letter in the name of his master, and seal it with his signet, addressed to the magistrates of Croia, the principal city of Albania; with orders to displace the present governor of the garrison, and put it into the hands of Scander Beg. This business performed, the harmless secretary was murdered also.

“Furnished with this mandate from the bashaw, Scander Beg gained possession of Croia, and killed every soldier of the Turkish

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ish garrison, who would not abjure Mahometanism, for Scanderbeg now professed the most zealous Christianity. The Albanians and Epiriots every where flew to arms, the Ottoman garrisons were all put to the sword, as was every Turk found in the country.

“ Amurath, whose sincerity and good faith stands unimpeached even by Christians, was not more exasperated at this massacre of his soldiers and subjects, than he was at the deep dissimulation and ingratitude of his favourite: he sent the bashaw Ali against him; but Ali, by an over-weening confidence, was defeated with the loss of twenty thousand men. This victory, with the wars in which Amurath was personally engaged, afforded Scander Beg time to strengthen himself. He fortified the mountains and passes of Epirus, made himself master of Sfetigrade its principal city, and sent his family and valuable effects into the territories of Venice; for that state occupied a long tract of land on the sea coast, but separated from the inland countries of Albania and Epirus by a continued chain of mountains.

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“ At length Amurath, breathing from his other wars, found leisure to march against him; but ere the sultan advanced, Scander Beg surprised and defeated two bodies of troops, which were sent to open the passes, and prepare the way for the main army. Amurath entered Epirus, and laid siege to Sfetigrade, which was defended by Perlat, one of Scander Beg's best officers, and a picked garrison; whilst Scander Beg himself kept the field with ten thousand horse, and was perpetually alarming, harassing, and destroying the Ottoman troops; nor would Amurath have taken the city, had not the superstition of the Epiriots assisted him: a traitor was bribed to throw a dead dog into the only well which supplied the garrison with water, and there was not a single soldier who did not prefer perishing with thirst to drinking of that polluted spring: thus superstition subdued those who had braved all the thunder of the Ottoman arms, from May to September.

“ The sultan next laid siege to Croia; but finding all his attempts bravely repulsed by the

the garrison, and himself continually harassed by Scander Beg, the weather also becoming severe, he most reluctantly raised the siege, and in his retreat was in imminent danger of being cut off, and perishing in the passes of the mountains, by the flying troops of Scander Beg, who hung on his rear, ready to take advantage of every unguarded moment.

“ Early in the next spring, Amurath again set down before Croia, having divided his vast army, one part being appointed to carry on the siege, the other to face Scander Beg, and preserve the sultan’s camp from the annoyances of his flying excursions.

“ Scander Beg had entrenched himself in the mountains, which divided his territories from the Venetian, at such a proper distance from Croia, as enabled him to act according to the exigence of the moment : thence sallying forth, as he saw advantage, he, after a number of skirmishes with the opposing army, at length, in a general engagement, entirely defeated it, and penetrated into the camp at the moment it was most defenceless, the
troops.

troops being mostly drawn off for a general assault on the city.

“ On the alarm, the guard of the camp was soon reinforced, and the general of Scander Beg drew off his soldiers in good order; but Scander Beg himself, hurried by fury or avarice to a distance, suddenly found himself surrounded by the Turks, in the midst of their camp. Nothing could have saved him in this dangerous moment, but the most daring effort: he furiously charged all who opposed him, hewed his way through the Ottomans, knowing his armour was so well tempered that no common weapon could pierce it, and, after incredible difficulties, reached his intrenchments, to the inexpressible joy of his army, who had supposed him killed.

“ This irruption of Scander Beg, in the critical moment, had enfeebled the general assault of Croia, and the defeat of the army rendering the country round accessible, he kept the camp of Amurath in perpetual alarm, and routed every detachment which was sent against him, so that at length the
sultan,

sultan, disheartened once more, abandoned the place.

“ The next spring, Amurath, engaged with the Hungarians, offered to Scander Beg the peaceable possession of his country, on condition of paying an annual tribute, but this his independent spirit refused.

“ On the accession of Mahomet, Scander Beg defeated two considerable armies which were sent by that prince against him, and now deeming himself able to act offensively, on receiving a supply of men from Alphonso, king of Arragon and Naples, he made an irruption into the sultan's dominions, ravaged the country, and laid siege to a strong frontier town of great consequence. A numerous army was sent to its defence, and here Scander Beg suffered his first defeat. His Italian auxiliaries were most of them killed, and himself constrained to fly into Italy, till he could acquire strength for new attempts.

“ At Naples I had the happiness of seeing this great man, and taking a portrait of him. Since that time he has made many excursions into Albania, and generally with success.

cess. Mahomet set up a pretender to his domain, in the person of Amesa, the son of his elder brother; but this expedient failing of any effect, he has at length concluded a peace with him. This, I think, however, will be of short continuance, as the restless and enterprising chief is now at Rome, soliciting the pope and the Italian princes for assistance, using every art to render his cause the cause of religion, and endeavouring to persuade his holiness to preach a crusade against the Infidels: and I know not a mind better disposed to oblige him than the present pontiff, who, with great talents and learning, possesses also abundant zeal for extending the empire of that church of which he is the head.

“ Observe the countenances of these two Christian champions as they are called, and you will find their expression as various as their character. The fearless courage of Hunniades, was not only tempered with prudence, but softened by humanity: in him you see the patriot united with the general. It was not ambition, but the love of his country, which led him to the field, which

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nerved his arm against its enemies, which called forth the inexhaustible resources of a mind, at once great and politic. With no base passions to gratify, no revenge to satiate, without personal animosity, he opposed, with dauntless valour, the invader of his country, but spared its vanquished foe. The blood of a fallen adversary never stained his sword; by him was no prisoner ever murdered in cold blood. His sober eye is intrepid, without fierceness; his posture firm, without elation. Wisdom sits with valour on his brow—goodness shines on his cheek.

“ The country of Scander Beg subdued, its religion overturned, and his family in captivity—a soul of sensibility must feel, and feeling resent such wrongs. Yet till ambition awakened their emotions, Scander Beg seemed to be devoid of them; and carested, honoured, and promoted by Amurath, had cancelled the power of revenging the injuries of his family, without incurring the charge of personal ingratitude. When he found himself heir of Epirus, he felt his *first* religious scruples; then ambition, not patriotism, unsheathed his sword: he fought not for his country,

country, but for himself; not to emancipate that from slavery, but to render *himself* its despot. By dissimulation, fraud, and cruelty, he laid the first foundation of his independence: by the most dauntless courage, the most indefatigable perseverance, activity, and policy, he raised the superstructure. He has wonderful talents, infinite genius, but they are guided by the spirit of destruction. Restless, ambitious, revengeful, mark the ferocity of that dark countenance: he has an eye of fire, but it flames meteor-like, threatening baleful; like the elemental flash, it darts through you with a beam, acute, penetrating, cruel. Pride sits on the arch of his eyebrow; fury and vengeance breathe from his wide nostrils. His whole aspect speaks quickness of discernment, and promptness of execution. His air is more than erect, it is elate; more than firm, it is obstinate.

“Are you not tired of these destroyers of mankind, called heroes?—Let us repose on *this* countenance. Nay, smile not, it is the portrait of a monarch, who stiles himself the *Sovereign of Christendom*, the august Frederic

deric the Third of Austria, the present emperor of Germany. On these features no irradiations of genius blaze, no emanations of a great and daring soul dazzle and confound ; temperate, quiet, indolent, the placid current of his life preserves the noiseless tenor of its way, insensible to the uncurbed insolence of his feudal princes, unmoved at the anarchy which originates from his holding the reins of government so loosely. When their disputes come so near home as to break the good emperor's slumbers, he convokes assemblies, and holds diets, to restore peace. If he finds them insufficient, he devoutly journeys to Rome, confers with the pope on the most effectual means of opposing the Turks, and then returns to Vienna, very much to the edification and profit of his turbulent states.

"But though no paroxysm of martial glory ever seized his soul, it is not destitute of ambition ; which, though of too gentle a kind to impel him to over-run the world like Mahomet, induces him to employ his slender talents, and devote the little industry, of which he is capable, to undermine it.

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His darling pursuit, his passion, is family aggrandizement; and unremittingly attentive to this point, cautious, circumspect, confidante, provident, it is amazing what he has done towards its attainment. By a wonderful effort of ingenuity, he has comprised the summit of his pride and glory in five words, of which the five vowels forming regularly the initials, he has taken the five vowels for his motto. The words are these, ‘ *Austriæ est imperare orbi universo* ;’ i. e. Austria commands the whole world.

“ A bon mot is repeated of Frederic’s, which marks at once the selfishness, and *sang froid*, of his character. The states of Milan had found it essential to their interest, to make the emperor their friend, and, in a visit he made to their city, they presented him with a brilliant service of glass dishes, upon which he gave a sumptuous feast to the magistrates and nobility. His jester entering, sportively shook the table, and, by his boisterous mirth, broke the Milanese present all to pieces. The emperor, without reprehending him, coolly remarked, that
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the thing could not possibly have happened, had the service been of gold.

“ The summits of Etna and Caucasus form not a greater contrast than the characters of Frederic and Scander Beg: I will next, my young pupil, bring you acquainted with one, whose mind is a well-tempered compound of these two extremes, by setting before you this picture, which is the portrait of Sante Bentivoglio, the guardian of Bologna, whose story has much singularity.

“ The little republic of Bologna has, with difficulty, preserved her freedom from the unjust pretensions and ambitious encroachments of her restless and potent neighbours: and that she did so was entirely owing to the spirit and abilities of the Bentivoglio family; which, for that reason, is justly the darling of the people, and holds nearly the same place in Bologna which the Medici do in Florence.

“ After having refused submission to the specious claims of the pope, and weathered the storm which Milan had brought against them, in which Hercules Bentivoglio lost his life, the Bolognese were near becoming a

prey to treachery at home, Philip Galeazzo, the duke of Milan, by the assistance of a discontented nobleman, gained entrance into the city in the dead of night, with a body of soldiers: Annibal Bentivoglio, the father of Hercules, was murdered, and all was slaughter and confusion. Recovering from their first surprise, however, the Bolognese flew to arms, and drove the Milanese out of their city. But the joy of their deliverance was greatly damped when they reflected not one was left of their beloved family, but an infant son of Annibal's; and the extinction of this race of patriotic heroes was lamented by all ranks of people, as the greatest misfortune which could have befallen the republic.

“Count Poppi happened to be then in the city, and witnessed the general distress; he presented himself before the senate, and informed it, that Hercules Bentivoglio did not die childless as was generally imagined; for that he had a son of twenty years old, then residing at Florence, though ignorant of his noble birth,

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"The senate was enraptured at this intelligence, eagerly inquired the particulars, and was informed by the count, that Hercules, when but little more than a boy, formed an attachment with an attendant of his mother's, a beautiful girl of Florentine parents, and plebeian rank, by whom he had this son: but to preserve the reputation of its mother, the connection and its consequences had been so secret, that few persons even suspected it. Something, however, at last awakened the jealousy of the girl's parents; who, taking advantage of her making them a visit, forced her into a marriage with a rich plebeian of Florence, by name Caschese. Hercules, who doated on her, was inexpressibly hurt, and for some time had no other consolation then visiting and caressing his infant son, who was nursed near the gates of Bologna, and named Sante: Count Poppi, then a youth also, between whom and Hercules there subsisted an unre-served friendship, frequently accompanying him on these visits.

"Caschese dying when Sante was very young, the widow, having no other chil-

dren, took him home as the son of her husband, and gave him an education much above his rank: Hercules, still continuing to see him at every opportunity, but without discovering himself to the child, deterred by the importunities of its mother, and his regard for that reputation she wished to preserve. He had, however, formed a plan for the advancement of Sante, when a glorious death, in the arms of victory, deprived the republic of his services. Since which time a brother of Caschese, a rich wool-dresser of Florence, having no child of his own, and supposing him his brother's, charmed with the brilliant talents and spirit of the youth, was grown extremely attached to him, and promised to make him his heir.

“ Count Poppi was known by the senate to be a man of probity and honour; relying therefore on his word, without any hesitation, its members immediately appointed deputies to demand the youth, for the guardianship of the infant son of Annibal, and of the state. These deputies, personally acquainted with the favorite family, hastened to Florence, entered the house of Caschese, and demanded
of

of the widow a sight of her son. Greatly alarmed at the manner of their request, she yet summoned him into their presence. When struck with the similarity of his features, his air, and his manner to the deceased Hercules, on the moment of his entrance one of them cried, ' Questions are unnecessary:—the person of this youth is sufficient to identify his father. He *must* be the son of Hercules Bentivoglio; and as such, the republic of Bologna demands him for the guardian of her infant chief.'

" The amazed youth gazed on his astonished and blushing mother, whose extreme confusion, at this unexpected recognition, gave credence to the assertion. ' Can it be true? (he cried, a noble pride flushing his cheek—pleasure beaming in his eyes)—Is it *possible* that I am *not* the son of a plebeian?'

" The answer was as satisfactory to the deputies, as it was transporting to himself; for a consciousness of the meanness of his birth had long hung heavy on his soul, and repressed the aspirings of his genius.

" The senate of Florence, personally unacquainted with Count Poppi, and more dis-

passionate than the Bolognese, before they consented that Sante should leave their city, appointed Cosmo de Medicis, and Capponi, to examine into the affair. When finding, after a minute investigation, every circumstance true, they presented Sante with robes and equipages suitable to the rank which awaited him. He entered upon his office with applause; and notwithstanding the disadvantages of his former obscure station, so happily has nature formed his mind, as well as you may observe she has his person, that he continues it with equal honour to himself, advantage to his family, and glory to the republic."

CHAP. VIII.

THUS did our youthful Cypriot both pleasingly and usefully employ those hours, which his attendance on the queen constrained him to spend in Florence; but which by his royal mistress were expended in bitter regrets for lost grandeur, and useless solicitations for means to regain it. The heart of Cosmo de Medicis possessed the most exquisite sensibility; he sympathised in all her sorrows, and assiduously sought to alleviate her distresses; but never did favour or affection to any object detach him from the true interest of his country.

“ Command, Madam, (said he to Charlotte) my *private* fortune; reign sovereign in my house and family; for of these I can *honestly* dispose. But Florence is no military state; its welfare rests on its commerce, and war is utterly incompatible with its interests. Much then as I, a simple individual, wish to

serve you, it must be in that private capacity only; for I cannot with *honour*, and therefore pardon my plainness, if I add I WILL not in my *public* character influence the senate to injure the republic."

This ought effectually to have silenced all farther importunity; but Charlotte, actuated more by feminine weakness than royal magnanimity, by tears and teasing fought to shake the firmness of his soul. She saw him flexible, complaisant in all things which concerned not the commonwealth, solicitous for her accommodation, studious of her happiness: not possessing sufficient greatness of mind to comprehend the sublimity of his character, she attributed the dictates of real patriotism to caprice; was disgusted and offended at what ought to have excited her highest admiration, and abruptly left the republic of Florence, to seek for better fortune at Rome.

Æneas Sylvius was then on the papal throne, who on his accession took the name of Pius the second. He was originally a Sieneſe, and his father in such poverty, that young Æneas, from an inordinate thirst for a learned education, laboured some time with a
farmer

farmer to procure money for its acquirement. By the assistance of great talents, indefatigable zeal in whatever he undertook, and a sincere attachment to the interests of his employers, he had filled various posts in church and state with universal applause; but with such little private emolument, that he afterwards declared, he was not worth money sufficient to purchase a pair of shoes the day before he was elected pope.

Nothing could be worse timed than this visit of Charlotte's to Pius, for she found him zealously employed in digesting a plan for uniting all the Christian powers, and promoting with all his might a crusade against the infidels. He had written with his own hand a letter to Mahomet, fraught with pious exhortations, and with arguments of such weight, as he thought could not fail of converting that monarch to the Christian religion: but the answer of the disdainful *Ottoman* was so far from flattering the Pontiff with the success of his labours, that personal rancour, mingled with religious zeal, in accelerating preparations for exterminating, if it

were possible, from the earth, all the believers of the false prophet.

No assistance of either men, money, or interest, was to be expected here: and all the gratification which the queen of Cyprus received from her journey, was the flattering applause of his holiness for her endeavours, though ineffectual, to extend his authority over her dominions, for which he assured her she merited beatification, the felicity of kissing his feet, and receiving his benediction.

The pleasures which Calliades enjoyed were quite of another kind. He inspected with admiration and reverence the venerable remains of ancient grandeur; he conversed with learned men; resorted to the shops of the artisans; and though he could not discover another Gentili Bellino, yet meeting with a painter not greatly inferior to him, by the assistance of his instructions, much practice, and real genius for the art, he attained to very high perfection in it. Whilst the queen, uncertain where next to seek assistance, refused the society of those
Roman

Roman dames, whose conversation would probably have alleviated her melancholy, abandoned herself to grief in solitude, and lost, in the bitter retrospection of the happiness of her past hours, every pleasure which the present might have afforded her.

She frequently received letters, as did Calliades, from Thrasyllus; whose situation enabled him to send off any intelligence which he had to communicate, and receive any from the sea, but entirely precluded every possibility of knowing any thing of the island: he continued close blockaded in the citadel of Cerines; as was Lewis of Savoy still in the garrison of Nicosia, the only two places which now held out against James.

The queen remained some time at Rome, because she knew not how else to dispose of herself; treated by the pope and cardinals with much ceremonious respect, many flattering speeches, but without receiving, or being taught to expect, any essential service: and Calliades continued his usual amusements and avocations.

Late one afternoon he took his way alone to the Coliseum, having before but cursorily

viewed it, in company with some gay companions. He entered the precincts of this prodigious edifice, and contemplated its vast display of ruins with mingled awe and wonder: here a tottering portico, there a falling entablature; farther on, overturned seats. While the ivy and the bramble creeping along the enormous masses, and striking root in the cement, by detaching the parts from each other, assisted the decay of time, and the ravages of barbarism.

Calliades was in a meditative humour. From its present, his imagination ascended to its former state, erected as a monument of unbounded power immeasured wealth; and he sighed at the transient duration of the proudest works of man.

“ Here it was (said he), that slaves, gladiators, martyrs combated; and nobles, princes, emperors, were spectators. Here their limbs were mangled, their blood shed for the *amusement* of their august audience. Heavens! is it *possible* that the groans of their dying fellow-creatures should mingle with sounds of joy? With the applausive voices of the enlightened Romans? How ferocious must

must that mind be which could find *diversion* in the infliction of pain, in the shedding of blood !

“ But could the *softer* sex, those whose greatest charm is delicate sensibility, exquisite tenderness, could *they* partake these sports ? We are informed they did ; that the languishing eye could turn from a lover’s enraptured gaze, eagerly to behold the last agonies of a dying gladiator, and criticise his convulsive pangs—horrid ! monstrous !” he exclaimed as he ascended the upper stories.

He seated himself in the recess of the emperors : he looked round—“ How fallen thy grandeur ! (he cried) ; how changed the scene, since from this spot the master of the world rolled his lordly eye, and life or death issued from his lips ! What silence, what solitude *now* reigns through these galleries, along these ranges of seats, under these vaulted porticoes, *then* rending with the applausive shouts of eighty thousand voices !”

Evening gradually lengthening her shadows over the arcades, warned our Cypriot it was time to be gone. He descended into the Arena, and was departing thence, when two
men,

men, who had unperceived followed and waited for him, hastily advanced; one of them struck at his breast with a dagger, the other with a club aimed a blow at his head. The agility of Calliades evaded both their attacks. He snatched the club, knocked down with it the man with the dagger, and ran after the other, who fled from before him. He soon lost him, however, among the ruins; and not knowing but he might have more associates, Calliades quitted the pursuit, and returned home.

Utterly at a loss to guess from whom this intended assassination could proceed, as he was not conscious of having given cause of offence to any human being, Calliades, by the queen's desire, who was greatly alarmed at the attempt, for some time never walked but in company with a young Roman, who had shewn himself greatly attached to him.

One day with this young friend passing under the arch of Titus, which Calliades contemplated with ever new delight, he pointed out to his companion's less discriminating eye its beauties—the pomp of the triumph—the spoils of the Jews—the slaves
who

who drag the car—the mild majesty of the conqueror—the croud of delighted Romans, fixing their admiring eyes upon him—an infinity of perfections of the Grecian chisel, each seeming more exquisitely beautiful than the other, and peopling the marble with living images. Both were so absorbed by this charming object, that for some time neither observed the arrival on horseback of a knight in complete armour; but whose attention, instead of being attracted by this noble monument, erected by Trajan to Titus, was wholly engrossed by Calliades himself. Our Cypriot, admonished by the elbow of his friend, at length saw him, advanced, and courteously saluted him.

The knight, without returning the salute, cried in a most unceremonious manner, “If I am not mistaken, thou art Calliades of Cyprus.”

“I have no reason to be ashamed of that name, sir knight, (replied our Cypriot), it *does* belong to me.”

“But by the holy virgin mother thou hast reason to be ashamed of it, and of thyself also, (cried the other); coward, assassin as thou

thou art, I come to revenge the murdered Melitus, the wrongs of his widow and daughter, and have promised to present thy head and hand to them as expiations of thy crimes."

"You have promised, I trust, more than you are able to perform, (replied Calliades, coolly), but your infamous charge is an enigma I cannot unriddle."

"Caitiff! Hypocrite! Wilt thou yield thyself my prisoner, or vainly attempt to defend thyself?"

"I shall certainly *attempt* the defence of myself against the charge of such detestable crimes as cowardice, assassination, and murder. Two hours hence I will meet you in this place."

"Oh, ho! No tricks: do you think to escape me? I'll not lose sight of you."

"My dear Leoni, (said Calliades) run home for my armour. A horse I shall not need, we will fight on foot."

"But I leave you, (said Leoni) unarmed with an armed man."

"That my friend assures you of my safety. A true knight so far from attacking a defenceless

fenceless man, will shield him from the attacks of others. But hasten, my dear fellow, and let no one know your errand, lest an inglorious care for my person prevent my justification of my honour."

Anxiety for the safety of his friend winged the feet of Leoni, and accelerated his return; whilst the knight preserved a fullen silence, and Calliades amused himself with more minutely inspecting the arch. Calliades, with the assistance of the Italian, was quickly armed, and the contest was immediately begun.

The onset was furious on the side of the knight, who greatly exceeded Calliades in brutal strength; but the cool address, the agile intrepidity of Calliades prevailed against it, and the knight, in a short time lay prostrate upon the earth, his sword in the hand of his opponent. "Take my life, (said he, fullenly), I meant not to spare thine."

"Learn then sentiments more worthy a Christian knight, (said the victor), Live,—rise. But inform me *why* this attack, and *whence* thy infamous charges?"

The

The surprise of Calliades could be equalled only by his grief, on discovering his fair fame so blasted in his native island, by the general reception of the horrid tale of assassination and poisoning, though Sir Ferdinand Padolia could not inform him from what source it originated, and he was far from suspecting the friend and slave of Melitus. For the first time he learned the sanguinary vow of Euryclea; and that the exquisite beauty, and immense fortune of her daughter, had induced many knights to seek the performance of it. Sir Ferdinand also informed him, that the king, on the importunity of Euryclea, had set a price upon his head, and he thought himself no longer at a loss to account for the attack made upon him in the Coliseum.

“ I have conquered thee, (said he to Sir Ferdinand), and thou owest me some service.”

“ I am your slave.”

“ Not so: but thou shalt swear by the honour of knighthood, to relate to Hermione, immediately on thy return to Cyprus, the particulars of our combat, and conversation;

sation; and deliver to her a letter which I will write."

Sir Ferdinand swore obedience to this command. They stepped into a house of public resort, and Calliades wrote as follows:

" CALLIADES TO HERMIONE."

" I have not yet recovered my astonishment, my grief, beautiful Hermione, on discovering the infamous calumnies with which I am loaded, and at the cruel and mistaken resentment of Euryclea. *I* assassinate, *I* poison the virtuous, the inestimable Melitus! *I* who hoped to cherish his memory in the tenderest of all connections! Ah! Hermione, if that ardently desired union must never take place, if it is not permitted me to hope for your love, at least afford me your esteem. But you hate—detest me—seek my life.—Ah! the idea itself is death. If no protestations of mine are sufficient in your eyes to exculpate me from the vile charges, give some credit, I beseech you, to my actions; hear Sir Ferdinand Padolia relate our combat. Truth will not force less conviction for coming
unadorned;

unadorned; nor, with people of judgement, will the probity of the knight suffer from his native plainness; and say, when he has narrated faithfully the facts, beautiful Hermione, pronounce if you think it *possible*, that a man who could spare a foe, would basely assassinate a friend, for such was Melitus held in the heart of

“CALLIADES.”

CHAP. IX.

A Very few days after the last adventure, Lewis of Savoy arrived at Rome; but the queen, amidst her transports on their reunion, had the extreme mortification to learn that James had so firmly fixed himself in the throne of Cyprus, every place having yielded to him but the citadel of Cerines, that little hope remained of her ever reascending it: yet still reluctant to relinquish the charms of royalty, it was determined by these noble fugitives to visit the duke of Savoy, from whom Lewis promised himself to draw assistance. But if that hope proved abortive, they then resolved on a personal application to the king of France, who had married a sister of Lewis, and whose ambition they hoped to interest in their favour, by offering to hold Cyprus of him by tribute as a fief of France, if he assisted them to regain it.

The

The behaviour of the Savoyard prince evinced his sense of the personal merit of Calliades, as well as his gratitude for the services of Thrasyllus: he would not hear of his return to Cyprus, of which Calliades was desirous, both to assist his father and clear his own fame from the calumnies with which it was blotted, but importuned his abode with them in terms so affecting to the warm and impassioned heart of the youthful Cypriot, that he swore to devote his life to the service of the queen and prince, and that nothing but death should divide him from them.

Whilst these matters were debating, and preparations making for their departure from Rome, Calliades was challenged three successive days by three different Cyprian knights; two of whom he had the good fortune to disarm, without wounding; and generously gave them their lives, upon condition they made a faithful report of the combats to the fair Hermione: the third was dangerously, though not mortally wounded, but engaged on his recovery to perform the same service.

At

At length our Cyprian party left Rome. They went by sea to Nice in Piedmont, which was part of the duke of Savoy's dominions, and arrived safe at Turin, its principal city, where the duke with his family resided.

The venerable duke of Savoy received Lewis and his consort with the fond affection of a father, but they did not experience much fraternal tenderness from his eldest son Philip, who was greatly disgusted at the return of a brother to claim a share of their father's favour and wealth, whom he had deemed amply provided for by a marriage with the queen of Cyprus. Nor were his discontents allayed by the softening of female influence: Violante his wife, sister to the king of France, and like him of a dark and intriguing temper, was envious of the superior rank of her sister-in-law, and combined with her husband so effectually to thwart all their designs, and render the residence of Lewis and the queen so completely uncomfortable at Turin, that they soon made preparations for their journey to France.

While these discontents reigned in the palace of Turin, the active mind of Calliades would

would not suffer him to remain idle: with a Piedmontese knight, with whom he became acquainted, he climbed the mountains, and visited the brave and hardy Helvetians, who, aided by the patriot Tell, had emancipated themselves from slavery; and amidst their precipices, rocks, and mountains, preserved, by many a bloody contest, their freedom inviolate. Possessing liberty, the Switzer felt not the absence of inferior blessings; but warm with enthusiastic patriotism for that dear, though rugged country, for which his fathers bled; its icy mountains, its raving torrents, its roaring whirlwinds, were all, as its distinguishing characteristics, presented to his prejudiced imagination as so many beauties, and endeared it more unalienably to his heart.

Uncursed with gold, unvisited by luxury, in happy ignorance of all the superfluous ornaments of life, yet the fertility of their valleys, the vicinity of innumerable lakes, every vegetative spot amidst their mountains and rocks cultivated by the unwearied hand of industry, gave this rational people all its necessities,

cessaries, all that can conduce to its real comforts.

Our sensible traveller was charmed with the simple manners of the Helvetians; with that plainness of address, which, disdaining adventitious distinctions, presents undauntedly and without form man to man unaffectedly frank, unassumingly equal.

With no less satisfaction Calliades viewed the country, and found every landscape rich in picturesque beauty, in scenes tremendously magnificent, which impress the trembling, but admiring beholder, with sensations of sublime horror. The Alps mantled with inaccessible forests, and crowned with everlasting snow; the wild torrent impetuously roaring in its stony channel, or foaming in awful cataracts over the obstructing rocks; the giddy heights of rugged precipices; the frightful depth of unfathomable chasms; the vast expanse of icy plains; the hoary glaciers, laden with accumulated winter of ages.

Nor did our Cypriot find this bold and untamed country destitute of milder beauties: its fruitful vallies presented cheerful scenes of happy rural life, whilst the silvery expanse

of its lakes, reflecting the pure azure of heaven, and margined with the pride of vegetation, covered with little boats filled with its cheerful and fearless sons, yielded to them from the teeming waters at the same moment sport and sustenance.

On the return of Calliades with his companion to Turin he found Lewis prepared for his journey into France, but Charlotte's health so injured by anxiety, that she was incapable of undertaking it with him, and was constrained much, against her inclination, to remain for the present with the duke of Savoy: but confiding in the fidelity and courage of the son of Thrasyllus, she insisted upon his accompanying her lord, as the most faithful of his friends and the bravest of his guards.

Lewis proposed taking Geneva in his way, that he might visit Amadeus of Savoy, his grandfather, who, secluded from the world, resided near that city.

This venerable personage exhibited an instance similar to Amurath, of a prince having twice abdicated sovereignty, and voluntarily retired to a private station. His early youth and opening manhood were devoted to pleasure,

sure, and to ambition; fortune was propitious to all his wishes, and crowned with success every effort to enlarge his dominions and increase his honours. But this prosperous career received a sudden check: he narrowly escaped assassination from a deceitful traitor, whom he had cherished in his bosom; and his beautiful wife, on whom he doted, was snatched from him by a sudden death.

Disgusted with the falsehood of mankind, dead to every domestic joy, he invested his eldest son with the honours of his dukedom, assumed the habit of a hermit, and retired into a convent of Carthusian friars at Ripaille, which borders on the Lemane lake. Here he enjoyed a serenity, a tranquil pleasure, incompatible with monarchical duties; devoting his hours to literature and religion, till he was called from this inactive station to fill the papal throne; and as he had resigned an earthly sovereignty, found himself unexpectedly invested with a spiritual dominion.

A general council had been convened at Basil, by Pope Eugene the Fourth, to consult on some methods of stopping the alarming pro-

gress of the Bohemian Hussites, and of heresy in general, to which there appeared an astonishing proneness in all ranks of people. A ray of light illumined the assembled fathers, and they discerned, that from the vicious lives of the popes, their absurd and ridiculous practices, and grossly superstitious doctrines, which militated equally against scripture and common sense, originated the universal discontent, the general heresies. In this opinion they were joined by the Christian princes; all agreed that a reformation both in the doctrines and government of the church was indispensable; and it was determined in full convocation, to proceed to acts conducive to that purpose, independently of the papal authority.

The pontiff was alarmed, and ordered his legate to dissolve the council. The fathers refused to be dissolved. He fulminated denunciations and bulls against them. They published manifestoes, declaring the council superior to the pope, and that they would not rise till they had compleated the great work of reformation. They boldly cited the pontiff and his cardinals to appear before their tribunal, threatening to proceed against him as a delinquent

delinquent if he disobeyed, and to suspend him from the pontificate.

Eugene disdained their authority, and the fathers put their menace into execution; but not before he had by abundant art found means to detach most of the Christian princes from them, and lessen their consequence in the eyes of Europe. They deposed him from the papacy; and he, in return, by a solemn and severe edict, devoted in the most unequivocal terms all the members of the council individually to the infernal abode, and its fiercest torments.

The council next proceeded to the election of a new pope, and its votes were unanimous for Amadeus of Savoy, from whose enlightened mind and enlarged ideas reason and true religion had every thing to hope. Amadeus received the intelligence with much more of surprise than pleasure, representing that he was a layman, and a widower. His reasons, his objections, were not allowed weight; at length he reluctantly acquiesced, permitted himself to be consecrated, was pontifically robed, and assumed the name of Felix the fifth.

Eugene at Rome, and Felix at Basil, now exercised separately the papal authority; created cardinals, issued bulls, and anathematized each other with most infernal denunciations; whilst the Christian world was divided between them, though by the superior arts of Eugene the balance greatly preponderated on his side: for him declared England, France, Spain, Italy, and Hungary. For Felix his own dominions, Switzerland, and Bavaria; while Bretany, and the German empire were neuter.

Felix made some efforts to gain the emperor without effect. Wearied at length of a disputed title and divided dominion, he retreated to Ripaille, and from that sequestered corner directed the affairs of the church, where Pope Nicholas the fifth, who succeeded Eugene, found no difficulty in persuading him to resign the tiara, which he did on the most honourable conditions: all his pontifical acts being declared valid; himself next in rank to the pope, and vicar of the Roman see. Since which time he had remained in the philosophic and religious solitude of his hermitage on the Leman lake.

Amadeus

Amadeus was delighted with the appearance of his grandson. By a mind capable of twice resigning sovereignty, the loss of a kingdom was regarded as no misfortune, and he endeavoured by the most persuasive eloquence, to remove the discontent which lowered on the brow of Lewis, and by giving him a just estimate of earthly honours, to reconcile him to his destiny. That prince heard the royal recluse with the deepest attention. But, alas! it is the misfortune of youth seldom to grow wiser by the experience of others; seldom to engrave on its heart any sentiments, but what are impressed by its own observation and feelings. Lewis admired the elocution of his sire, but was not the less eager in the pursuit of his lost dignity, nor the less determined to move every power that could assist in its restoration.

The admiration of Calliades was enthusiastic of this august personage, on whose venerable countenance the impress of age was more conspicuous in a character of superior wisdom and goodness, than by the usual figures. Tall beyond the common standard, of graceful proportion and majestic port, his

locks which time had silvered, and not greatly thinned, flowed waving on his shoulders, and gave a patriarchal appearance to his dignified form. His eyes, which growing infirmities had sunk, beamed with affectionate candour, with meditative sweetness. Generosity, elevated sentiments, natural greatness, sat on his brow, and disclosed themselves whenever he opened his lips: Calliades could have listened to their effusions for ever, but Lewis grew tired of the philosophy of Ripaille, and was soon with his suite on the road to France; and ere he reached the capital of that kingdom was overtaken by Charlotte, who, finding her health much amended, would suffer no other consideration to detain her from him.

CHAP. X.

THE welcome which Lewis the eleventh of France gave to the queen of Cyprus, and her consort, was full of affected warmth, and abounded with professions of kindness; but the Savoyard found him too much engaged in political adjustments, and embarrassed by too many difficulties of his own, to afford them any immediate assistance. Lewis had been but a short time seated on the throne of France, but in that little space he had created himself a host of enemies, by an imprudent, and unbridled indulgence of personal resentment.

The kingdom of France had been, and still continued, a compound of great fiefs; which, though holding professedly of the crown, were governed by their separate princes independently of it. So that when the sovereign, by the *Arrier-ban*, called his feudal lords to his assistance against a common

enemy, the soldiers of each yielding no obedience but to their own immediate commanders, whose tempers and jarring interests it was scarcely possible to reconcile, and who were tremblingly alive to the least encroachment on their authority, embarrassed by the want of discipline and union, the cause they were assembled to support, and had not a little contributed to the success of the English invasions.

Of this defect in the government of the kingdom no one could be more sensible than Charles the seventh, or had experienced more the ill effects of it; and, as far as prudence and gratitude permitted, he endeavoured to remedy it. The long war had extinguished many noble families, and he did not, like his predecessors, gratify his favourites with the fallen fiefs. To the brave exertions of the existing nobility he was indebted for his kingdom, and he continued to attach them to his person by profitable posts and offices in his court; but he insensibly lessened their consequence in any future war, by procuring permission from the three estates to retain a
body

body of standing forces, under colour of preserving the kingdom from invasions.

Lewis inherited his father's plan, but not his patience and temper in the execution of it. His early thirst for rule had impelled him in extreme youth to affect in the government of Dauphiny independence of his father, and assert his right by taking up arms; but, defeated in his rebellious attempts, he was constrained to take refuge in the court of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, whose son had married his sister, and he and his consort were entertained by that benevolent prince with great hospitality for several years.

Perpetually regarding his father's friends as his own personal enemies, the moment Lewis was seated on the throne he dismissed from their offices, in the most insulting and contumelious manner, those gray-haired nobles and gallant veterans whose youth had been spent and fortunes exhausted in repelling from France its successful invaders, and giving to his father possession of the kingdom. But not content with driving the nobles in discontent from court, the malice of Lewis pursued them into their retirements; and by

his open endeavours to deprive them of those rights of sovereignty which they claimed by long prescription, and his filling every place of trust and honour about himself with persons of mean extraction, gave such unequivocal proofs of his intention to subvert their order, as united all the barons in one common interest against him.

For the present, however, the danger was at a distance, though the apprehensions of it were sufficient to prevent his affording any succour to the queen of Cyprus; but as he made the most liberal promises of men and treasure when his own horizon was cleared of its tempestuous menaces, and entertained her and her consort with real hospitality at his court, they waited with great patience in firm expectation of his realising his flattering assurances.

Perhaps they waited with the more patience on perceiving themselves not the only instances of fugitive royalty; for at the same time in the French court, soliciting also for succours against her rebellious subjects, was the queen of England, Margaret of Anjou, wife to Henry the Sixth: and, as a prior suppliant,

pliant, they acknowledged the justice of her being first afforded that force which Lewis could spare from the exigence of his own affairs; and, in the support they saw given her, assured themselves of his like regard to his word in what he had promised them. But had not her application been prior in point of time, it is more than probable the request of Margaret would have been first attended to. All the interest indeed which the queen of France possessed, was strenuously exerted for her brother, but her influence was trifling over the mind of Lewis. Still less effect upon him had the offer of holding Cyprus as a fief of France; for he had too much good sense to covet distant sway, when he held his paternal dominions on so precarious and unfettled a footing. Lewis was far from being destitute of ambition, but it was the rational ambition of uniting all the disjoined provinces of France under one head, and centering in himself the power of the whole monarchy.

Yet though inattentive to his wife, the king was not so to his mother, for he sought by his behaviour to her to atone for his flagrant

grant deficiency of filial duty to his father; and Mary of Anjou could not resist the tears of her neice, for the queen dowager was sister to the father of Margaret.

The interest of the English queen was still farther extended by the power of her charms. James de Breze, seneschal of Normandy, was fascinated by them, whose influence was very great indeed; for he had not only married the king's natural sister, Charlotte, daughter of Agnes Sorel, the beautiful mistress of Charles the Seventh, but was also much esteemed by Lewis.

The artful princess, regarding the passion of Breze as a fortunate circumstance, made her utmost advantage of it: the stimulatives of soft looks and encouraging smiles were not wanting. The enamoured seneschal being granted two thousand men, with ships to waft them to the English shore, embarked with Margaret, whose gratitude by these good offices he had undoubtedly secured; but far be it from me to suggest that the gratitude of Henry's queen was inconsistent with her honour.

CHAP. XI.

CALLIADES found the court of France uncongenial with his own feelings; for it was filled with men of illiterate and narrow minds, envious of noble birth, jealous, but not emulous of superior genius, and chosen by Lewis for little other merit than implicit obedience to all his behests.

As few in his court were by birth or education entitled to the honour of knighthood, Lewis at this time planned, though the execution was by various incidents some years impeded, the institution of an order peculiar to himself, in imitation of Edward the Third of England, whose example had also been followed by many other sovereign princes.

Among many other usages in the days of chivalry, it was customary for two or more knights to form a military friendship, or brotherhood in arms, for the achievement of some particular adventure, or for mutual defence

fence or support ; which connection was deemed the most inviolable and sacred of all others. In imitation of these martial amities were the royal orders of knighthood, each order forming a military brotherhood, bound by oath to reciprocal friendship and support, as well as to the defence of the sovereign, and recognising each other by a peculiar badge or armorial ensign.

But when these fraternal combinations were the offspring no longer of voluntary choice, or of the irresistible attraction of congenial souls, but were formed at the pleasure of the prince, who attempted to unite in them dispositions the most discordant, and whose arbitrary will, in the introduction of a favourite, not unfrequently dispensed with his possessing birth, courage, virtue, the heretofore indispensable requisites of knighthood, the bands of amity became less sacred in the estimation of the knights, the order of knighthood itself was soon much lowered in the eye of the public when it discovered that the garter or the star, or the image with which the knights were decorated, were no longer the ensigns of merit or meeds of valour, but
merely

merely the badges of court favour; and those high-raised ideas, hitherto inseparably attached to knighthood, gradually faded from the minds of men.

Thus destroyed by her own viperous brood, chivalry, in the fifteenth century, imperceptibly expired; her catastrophe unremarked by a world so much indebted to her efforts for restoring to it peace, order, and civilization, that her existence was no longer necessary. Probably a slight glance on the rise of this benefactor of mankind may not be unpleasing to my youthful reader.

When the irresistible genius of Charlemagne, so superior to the age in which he lived, that nature seemed to have designed him for universal dominion, had by conquest broken those slender ligatures which, in the feudal system, bound the barons in each European kingdom to their native monarch, and had united in his own person the general sovereignty for a time, an union and strength pervaded government, to which the world, since the declension of the Roman empire, had been a stranger. But the genius which

sustained

sustained the vast fabric vanishing with his great spirit, his monarchy became too unwieldy for his feeble and degenerate offspring, and tottered into ruin. Every original claim to hereditary dominion, in the several conquered states, subverted or destroyed by the deposition or death of the native princes, a more fatal anarchy than that of the feudal system recurred: it was, "Confusion worse confounded."

Each petty baron, in Germany and Italy especially, snatched at sovereign rule; his estate became an independent territory, and, jealous of the neighbouring barons, he armed his slavish vassals, not only to prevent depredations on himself, but also, as he saw opportunity, to enlarge his own demesne at the expence of theirs. Perpetual war thus raged; every province was filled with castles; force took place of law; strength of equity. Little armies, like ferocious banditti, ranged the desolated country: honour, property, and life, became their unresisting prey. The merchant was plundered, insulted, murdered, as he travelled from city to city.

city, and his screaming wife or daughter dragged to a captivity worse than death.

The mind, continually occupied in anxious cares for personal safety, found no leisure for intellectual studies : ignorance, aided also by other causes, enveloped the world. Not only all the elegant, but many of the useful arts were lost : literature, science, taste, were words which conveyed no ideas. Persons in the highest ranks, and in the most eminent stations, could not read nor write. It was an age of the deepest darkness, to which fear added her shadowy horrors also : each castled depredator became to the startled imagination a giant, or necromancer, with his attendant demons : each captived damsel, who had been violently torn from her parents, was thought under the influence of magical powers.

Long did this wretched state of society remain unremedied. At length a few enlightened, brave, and benevolent spirits, associated, stimulated perhaps by disappointed love or wounded honour : they entered into solemn covenant with each other to defend
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the weak from oppression; to rescue the fair from violence; to right the wrongs and redress the grievances of mankind; and each knight, like another Hercules—for Hercules and Theseus were the knight-errants of antiquity, and—sailed forth to destroy the monsters which annoyed the world.

Gratitude swelled the obligation beyond its intrinsic value in the throbbing hearts of the rescued: admiration heightened the action beyond all human achievements, and fancy embellished it with a thousand imaginary circumstances of difficulty and of peril: hence the redoubtable heroes, the wonderful incidents of the old romance; a species of writing whose foundation was in truth, though imagination and ignorance so barbarously decorated the superstructure it gave actual pictures, though overcharged, of the manners of the times.

The beneficial effects of this godlike association were soon perceptible; for it not only repressed vice, but gave the most alluring example of virtue. Valour, humanity, justice, honour, courtesy, were its characteristics.

Nobles

Nobles crowded to enrol their names in a society which reflected such glory on its members; and kings, deeming it a distinction superior to royalty, were proud to receive its investitures from the hand of a private gentleman.

The benefits of chivalry extended still wider; for it was not only the scourge of lawless violence, and the school of honour, but, by the breathing space it gave mankind from the unrelenting depredations of brutal force, it was also the eventual restorer of the fine arts and the liberal sciences. War became less ferocious; peace more enlightened, more refined.

After this *general* order of knights, in which all that were noble, all that were brave, benevolent, and virtuous, were admitted, and which was instituted for the *universal* benefit of the species, there afterwards arose more *particular* and *exclusive* ones, erected for certain purposes, and bound by vows to particular actions: such were the knights of St. Jago and Calatrava in Spain, who swore to expel the Moors; such the Knights Templars,

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the Teutonic and Maltese knights, who added religious ceremonies to their military functions; were founded by the pope for the express purpose of extirpating the infidels, endowed with benefices, and were, in truth, orders of military monks.

CHAP. XII.

WHILST the French king meditated on the rules necessary for establishing the order of St. Michael, a messenger arrived from the isle of Cyprus, with intelligence, that at once annihilated every remaining hope, which Lewis of Savoy and his consort had cherished, of recovering that island.

Calliades was absent when the fatal news arrived, and ignorant of it entered the royal apartments; struck with the melancholy air of Lewis, who had been some days unwell, and at the agony of sorrow in which he saw the queen, he stopped short, and looked anxiously on both. Charlotte, lifting on him her tearful eyes, held out her hand. He respectfully kissed it. "Is my lord worse?" said he, with an enquiring look. A new burst of sorrow seemed to rend her bosom, and she was incapable of answering him.

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He gazed on Lewis with an eye of anxiety. "We have had news from Cyprus," said that prince hastily.—"Of the most fatal kind, I am certain," he replied.—"O Calliades! (cried the queen, with a frantic gesture), Cerines is taken." He started, clasped his hands in an agony of grief; "My God! (he exclaimed), then my father is no more. Never—never would it have been captured from him!"

They were both silent. He approached Lewis: "Tell me, my lord—yet why do I ask?—can I want any other confirmation of my father's death, than the loss of Cerines?"

Lewis arose, and embraced him tenderly. "Your conjecture, (said he, deeply sighing), is too just: you have assuredly lost the best of fathers, and I my *only* friend. A fever, brought on by unremitting exertion, deprived the world of the best man in it. The command devolved on Sor de Naves, and he treacherously delivered up the citadel the following week."

The grief of Calliades was too poignant for words: but whilst he was silently resigning himself to all the bitterness of it, an attendant

attendant informed him, an armed knight required a conference with him. He obeyed the summons, found the knight waiting on horseback in the court, and was told in such affected phrase, and in such a ridiculously complimentary stile, that the knight's intention was to deprive him of his head and hand as a present to Hermione, as at any other time would have extorted a smile, but now exhausted his patience. "Take them if thou canst," said he gloomily, calling for his horse and armour; and no sooner did he incase himself in it, and leap into the saddle, than he attacked the knight with a desperate kind of fury unusual to himself. His antagonist, ill-formed to sustain such an onset, was tumbled from his steed and disarmed, ere Lewis and some of the courtiers who hastened to the place, could witness the combat.

"I scorn to take thy life, (said Calliades), but thou shalt swear to deliver a letter to my fair enemy, and relate thy discomfiture." This he vowed, by the honour of knight-hood to perform, and our Cypriot wrote as follows:

VOL. I.

H

"CALLIADES

“CALLIADES TO HERMIONE.”

“It wanted but thy confirmed hate, O thou whom my heart would select for the object of its tenderest love! to complete the rigour of my destiny: fate hath now done its worst; divested me of father, country, friends, and fame. Of what avail then to struggle longer against the resistless tide? Of what consequence to me can be the opinion which the Cypriots entertain of a man they will see no more? Alas, Hermione! the opinion which *thou* shalt entertain, I feel *is* of consequence; and though I am doomed never to contemplate thy beauteous form, fain would I leave my idea fair in thy soul — would purify it from that foul blot which an enemy to truth hath cast upon it. But how shall I accomplish the task? What say to convince thee I am guiltless of the enormous crime laid to my charge? Is not the trial by combat deemed the decision of the Almighty?——It has six times declared for me!——Have oaths weight? hearken——for by the Blessed Virgin Mother, by the
thrice

thrice adored Trinity, I swear, so distant was the murder of thy father from my intention, that I would have devoted every intellectual faculty of that head, would have exerted the utmost strength and power of that hand, in his preservation and defence, which thou mercilessly requirest of Calliades."

CHAP. XIII.

HENRY the Fourth of Castile, grandson of Catharine, daughter of John of Gaunt, had lately gilded his inglorious reign by retaking Gibraltar from the Moors. The city of Barcelona had declared him her sovereign; and he claimed some other places in Catalonia. But the king of Arragon, justly unwilling to separate the rich vallies of that fertile province from his own barren mountains, yet loth to renew the war of which both sides were by this time weary, found it no difficult task to persuade Henry to refer their disputes to the arbitration of the French king. Lewis was applied to by their ambassadors, and consented to meet the two monarchs on the confines of his own dominions.

Calliades, whose wounded mind gave him a restless inclination for changing place; his curiosity being also much excited by the accounts

counts which had reached him of Spain, petitioned to be of the royal train; for which he not only gained permission, but likewise, in conformity to his own wishes, leave to travel for any time he thought necessary in that kingdom.

As Lewis affected to despise pomp, with a suite by no means splendid, he reached St. John de Luz, and found Henry of Castile was arrived at Fontarabia, about four leagues from him, with a most magnificent retinue, accompanied by Isabella, queen of Arragon, who appeared, at this interview, instead of the king, *don Juan*, and who was attended by a brilliant train of ladies and knights.

After adjusting the ceremonials of their interview, the king of Castile, and the queen of Arragon, crossed the river Vidaso, which divides the kingdoms, to visit the king of France, who waited to receive them at the little castle of Heutebise, on the bank of the river.

With nearly the splendour of Cleopatra, the fair Arragonian first ascended the stream, in a bark covered with crimson satin, with sails of the same materials and colour, and

floored with rich carpets. Her costly robes glittered with gems: she was seated on velvet cushions, between a great prelate, and the grand master of the military order of Montezza; and, on landing, was received by Lewis with every demonstration of respect.

Next approached the shore Henry of Castile, in a barge covered with tapestry, with carpets also, and filken sails. He was seated between the archbishop of Toledo, and the grandmother of St. James: other boats followed with their splendid and numerous retinue.

Eagerly at this interview did the courtiers of each sovereign eye the other monarchs, and applaud or censure according to their pre-conceived ideas of regal dignity.

The personal appearance and attendants of Lewis, contrasted with the magnificence of the Spanish sovereigns, were beheld by the Castalian and Arragonian courtiers with contempt. The ideas of splendid robes and superb ornaments were inseparately combined in their minds with that of majesty: unable therefore to separate the monarch from the jewelled diadem, or the ermined robe,

robe, they could scarcely repress their laughter at beholding the mighty king of France, the arbitrator in the disputes of other sovereigns, dressed in a coarse cloth coat, short, when all were outvieing each other in the length of their attire, and as ill made as possible: upon his head an ordinary old hat, in which was stuck a leaden image of the Virgin Mary.

The French courtiers, unaccustomed to pomp, were dazzled by the queen of Arragon, whose majestic person and commanding air impressed them with admiration and awe. But not all the glitter which surrounded Henry could for a moment blind them to his disgusting person; which, by nature ugly and deformed, had been still further degraded by early debauchery into the most debilitated effeminacy; or mislead their judgement of his mind, which, weak and toneless as his nerves, yielded itself up to the suggestion of every unworthy minion.

Lewis, who always thought and acted for himself, unprompted by any counsellor, unbiassed by any one's opinion, beheld with contempt at this interview, Henry, a mere

automaton, moving and speaking but at the direction of Pacheco, marquis of Villona, the grand master of St. James. He was much better pleased with the masculine sense and spirit of Isabella, but even her he found dictated to by her ministers. After some little time spent in ceremonious speeches and conversation, very little to the purpose of the meeting, the grand master and prelates motioned for ending that day the congress, and the Spanish sovereigns returned to Fontarabia with the same state they left it.

After several other interviews, equally as stately and insignificant as the first, Lewis, wearied with ceremonious observances, and perceiving how much the business of the congress was retarded by receiving the sentiments of the ministers of the two courts at second hand, in form, from these state puppets, resolved to have an interview with the prime movers themselves, and invited Pacheco, and the archbishop of Toledo, together with the Arragonian prelate, and grand master of Monteza, to visit him at St. John de Luz; and, in this conference, acquired more knowledge of the affairs in dispute,
than

than he could have done in ten formal interviews.

Charmed with the manners of the queen, numberless were the inquiries of Lewis concerning her; and the answers he received were abundantly more flattering to her understanding than her heart. But for the reader to judge of her character, it is necessary to cast one glance on the history of Arragon at that period.

Ferdinand of Arragon left two sons, Alphonso and Juan. Alphonso the eldest, by hereditary right, heir of Arragon, became by the adoption of Jane of Naples, heir of that kingdom also. But that capricious princess having afterwards adopted the duke of Anjou for her heir, the whole life of Alphonso was occupied in prosecuting his claim in opposition to the house of Anjou.

Juan, the youngest son of Ferdinand, married Blanche, heiress of the crown of Navarre, on the express condition, that if Blanche died before her husband, and left a son, that son should become immediate possessor of Navarre, his father governing, during his minority, only as regent. Blanche

died, and left a son. The annals of the world afford but few instances of a quiet relinquishment of regal authority; and if don Juan felt himself disposed to become one of that small number in favour of his son, he did not find the disposition cherished by Isabella his second wife, particularly after she also had brought him a son. She beheld the innocent and amiable prince of Viana in the odious light of an usurper of her own regal honours, and an obstacle to her son's ever arriving at them; for the king of Arragon having no legitimate offspring, his crown, on his death, must necessarily devolve on his brother don Juan and his heir, which was undoubtedly the son of Blanche. Her pride and her ambition thus doubly wounded in herself and her son, envy and hatred took possession of the breast of Isabella: she endeavoured to infuse their baleful emotions into the heart of don Juan; her beauty and her talents had acquired her an entire ascendancy over his mind, and rendered her too successful.

The prince of Viana, on coming of age, was as little inclined to relinquish his claim

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on the crown of Navarre, as don Juan was to resign it: a war was the consequence, which terminated in the utter annihilation of the prince's army, and the imprisonment of his person. Human nature would recoil at the history of those sufferings he endured at the instigation of his inhuman step-mother, who was "willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." Nor were they mitigated on the death of Alphonso, who, though he disposed of his crown of Naples to his natural son Ferdinand, could not dispossess don Juan of his hereditary claim to Arragon: malice exerted all her powers to imbitter the wretched life which interposed between the son of Isabella and the crowns of his father: death at length—whether natural or violent, was never ascertained—freed the amiable and accomplished prince from her tyranny, and Ferdinand, too young to be deemed an accomplice in his mother's crimes, was left uncontested heir of Arragon: the crown of Navarre was claimed by the family of Blanche.

The day after the ministers of the Spanish sovereigns made their visit, the favourite of

Henry, don Bernard de la Cueva, made one also to the king of France. This minion, who affected royal state, and was attended by his own guard, three hundred Moorish horse, superbly dressed and caparisoned, passed the river in a barge, whose sail was cloth of gold, and all its adornments in an adequate stile. He was attired in the richest manner possible, and even his buskins were set thick with precious gems. Still more the favourite of the queen, than the king of Castile, no one scrupled to pronounce him the father of donna Joanna, the only child of the royal bed. Intoxicated with royal favour, with high rank, and immense riches, the most egregious vanity, the most insolent pride strove for mastery in a mind, which nature had intended for worthier inmates; and gave effeminate and ridiculous airs to a person of itself, handsome, graceful, dignified.

Lewis had several other interviews with the two sovereigns on the banks of the Vidaso, and at length pronounced his award. But never unjust, except where his own interest or passions intervened, his sentence

was

was so entirely impartial, that both sides having flattered themselves with being favoured by him, both were disappointed and offended.

The attendants of all the sovereigns had been quartered together at Bayonne, and had been engaged in perpetual bickerings. The French insulted the Castilians with the most poignant ridicule of their effeminate monarch, and rendered themselves hateful to the Arragonians, by placing in the most odious lights, the malicious and treacherous conduct of the royal step-mother. Whilst both revenged themselves, by laughing unmercifully, at the contemptible meanness of the train and dress of Lewis.

The terms of derision and dislike which all sides had used, were repeated by malicious tale-bearers to the three sovereigns, which, aided by the reciprocal disgust before conceived, occasioned the abrupt dissolution of the congress: they departed with much less ceremony than they met, each to his kingdom; and Calliades, who had formed a friendship with a Castilian nobleman, accompanied him to his court.

CHAP. XIV.

IF the court of France was uncongenial with the soul of Calliades for its illiberal and brutish manners, he found that of Castile still more so from its effeminacy and vice. Its weak and despicable monarch was continually surrounded by his minions and mistresses, whilst his queen lived as openly with her parasites and gallants. Nothing could be more licentious than this court: pleasure, in all its most sensual forms, was the object of universal pursuit; effeminacy and vice the only recommendations to favour. The affairs of state became every day more disordered and ruinous. The virtuous were shocked, the nobles alarmed, the people discontented. Donna Isabella, the king's sister, whose pure mind turned from these flagitious scenes with horror, scarcely ever appeared at court; yet, to preserve the peace
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of the kingdom, both she and don Alphonso, her youngest brother, had recognised donna Joana, heiress of the kingdom, though not a single creature in it supposed the king father to that infanta.

Calliades made a very short stay in Castile. His friend don Carlos Oforio being employed in an embassy to Portugal, he eagerly snatched at an opportunity of visiting that kingdom.

Our Cypriot was as much charmed with the Portuguese court as he had been disgusted with the Castilian. The world had long gratefully resounded with the great talents and enterprising genius of don Henry, uncle to the reigning king Alphonso the Fifth, whose life had been devoted to purposes of universal beneficence; and Calliades longed ardently to be introduced to a personage equally celebrated as a philosopher, a hero, and a man; distinguished both for the virtues of public and private life.

In this desire Calliades was gratified, and found the venerable don Henry sinking at the same time under the infirmities of old age,

age, and the baleful effects of the sultry clime of Africa, whither he had lately accompanied the king, on an expedition against the Moors. But that exalted and pure spirit, suffering no diminution from time or disease, ran bright and sparkling to its lowest lees. Benevolence smoothed the wrinkles of his open countenance; good-humoured pleasantry animated his conversation, and gave additional charms to the effusions of virtue and wisdom; affability and courtesousness distinguished his graceful manner.

Let England pride herself in the share she had in this noble luminary of useful science; this father of the bold navigation of the pathless ocean, to whom we are indebted for new worlds and universal commerce; for he was the grandson of John of Gaunt, by Philippa, second daughter to that English prince.

Calliades expressing to the old Portuguese nobleman who had introduced him to don Henry, the awful, yet affectionate sentiments with which that prince had impressed him; "It delights me, (said the venerable
Gonzalez

Gonzalez Zarco), to observe in a youthful mind so animated a sense of the virtues of age. Don Henry—ah! had you but seen him forty-five years ago, when he gave to me and Tristan Vaz the command of that fortunate ship which discovered the first new island in the ocean; had you but *then* seen him in the flower of his age, you would have esteemed him worthy indeed of the most enthusiastic admiration. Will you pardon the garrulity of age, and indulge me with the pleasure of recounting a few of those beneficent and wise actions, which have rendered not only his own country, but the whole world his debtors?”

Calliades expressed in the warmest terms how much he should be gratified by the recital, and Gonzalez proceeded as follows:

“Don John, the father of don Henry, did not ascend the throne of Portugal by hereditary right, but by the unanimous voice of the people, who on the demise of Ferdinand, finding the crown claimed by the king of Castile, who had married Ferdinand’s only daughter, disdained the Spanish yoke, and with one consent chose don John for their king,

king, who was a natural son of Pedro, the father of their deceased monarch, and who having acted as regent of the kingdom during the interregnum, had evinced himself equally wise and brave.

“ The conduct of don John fully justified the wisdom of their choice, for he possessed all the virtues of his father, without that harshness of temper and obduracy of justice which tarnished their lustre. Pedro was truly styled the pattern and reformer of his people: but the standard to which he sought to bring them, was too pure for the depravity of the age and nation; and he was sometimes cruel when he only meant to be virtuous and just. But the natural sweetness of his temper had early received an injury from a disappointment of the tenderest and most affecting kind. Agnes de Castro, his beautiful mistress, some say his wife, on whom he doated, had been by a cruel policy, torn from him by the command of his father; and, at the instigation of inhuman counsellors, murdered with every circumstance of barbarity. This severe stroke don Pedro never entirely recovered;

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it imbittered his spirit, and gave his virtues too stern and austere a cast.

“ John was the son of this loved Agnes; his first task was the arduous one of freeing the kingdom from the invasion of Castile. This he soon effected, made peace with its monarch, and cemented the friendship by marrying the sister of the wife of Henry, heir to Castile. This lady was daughter to an English prince of great renown, styled John of Gaunt. By her, heaven blest him with six brave sons, the ornaments of their father's court, and the pillars of his state. Alike celebrated for filial duty and fraternal affection, no dark crooked ambition warped their minds, or estranged them from each other. They knew no other emulation than who should contribute most to the glory of his country, and the good of mankind.

“ But as among priceless jewels some one may possibly surpass the others in lustre, though all are dazzlingly brilliant; so don Henry, the fourth son of John, was most to be admired where all were admirable. His virtues, his accomplishments are themes inexhaustible. To that martial spirit which in
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this age is characteristic of every man of birth, and which he possessed in the highest degree, he joined the warm breathings of patriotism; the deep searchings of philosophy; the courteousness and urbanity of the gentleman. You may possibly deem my grateful heart partial to a prince who has always kindly distinguished me; let his actions, the true criterions of character, speak for him.

“ The king meditated an important descent on the coast of Barbary, for which he assembled a vast fleet; and whilst other preparations were making, ordered three small vessels to cruise along the western shore of Africa, where it is washed by the vast Atlantic ocean; imagining a landing might be accomplished with greater success on that probably unguarded coast, than from the Mediterranean, whence the Spanish and Portuguese descents on the Moors had hitherto been made. Of this little fleet don Henry, by his own desire, was made commander, and I had the felicity of attending him.

“ Don Henry reconnoitred the whole coast with wonderful precision till we arrived within

within view of that formidable point, Cape Non, hitherto regarded as the boundary of human curiosity. I was upon the deck with the royal youth when we were in full view of it, and the vessel was preparing to turn, and steer again for Portugal. He looked with eyes of keen inspection upon it, as it stretched its tremendous rocks across our course, and the foaming surges beat idly against its rugged sides.

‘ And must our research end *here*, Zarco? (he cried, after a long silence). What is beyond those rocks, sea or land? Is it not strange, my friend, that no man’s courage hath enabled him to explore the unknown regions this point intercepts from us? Is it *really* impassable? By heaven it is cowardice to turn the prows of our good ships from it. I will know what is beyond it, or perish in the attempt.’

“ He ran to the steerage, pushed the pilot from his place, assumed it; and when the other vessels waited the signal of return, they saw to their astonishment the prince’s vessel sweeping to the starboard; and, to gain a sufficient offing from the surges, stretching so far

far into the pathless ocean, that the most daring seaman trembled to follow him.

“ At length the ship reached the utmost point. It darted beyond it. Ah! Sir, the rapture of that moment! The prince shouted in transport when he saw new lands, and a wider expanse of ocean disclosed at once to his view. The ship bore down under an easy sail for that unknown coast, the heavens were favourable to the enterprise, and as we steered along the shore with a gentle and benignant breeze, the prince, who had left the helm to the pilot, stood on the deck, gazing with such intentness of curiosity on this new land, that he scarcely heard a word that was said to him, and was deaf to the noisy raptures of his crew.

“ We proceeded about an hundred and sixty miles along this coast, when it again curved to the starboard, as at Cape Non, and presented a still more formidable range of frightful rocks, as obstacles to our farther navigation. Don Henry, satisfied with having overcome the first difficulty, and not thinking himself warranted to detain longer his ships and men, which he knew must by
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this time be wanted for the African expedition, turned his prow from this rocky obstruction, which he named Cape Bajador, and we arrived safely in the port of Lisbon.

“ The expedition against the Moors was successful beyond the most sanguine expectation. After taking and garrisoning Ceuta, our king and his gallant sons returned crowned with victory. But the ardour of war had by no means supplanted in don Henry that passion for marine adventures, which had first infused itself into his youthful bosom at Cape Non.

‘ I have ranged, (said he to me one day), beyond those boundaries which human ignorance had deemed impassable; why may not the like success attend me at Cape Bajador? New seas, new lands, new worlds, may open themselves to our fight!—Does not your heart glow, Zarco, at these enchanting ideas; where, by enlarging the sphere of human knowledge, the power of doing good will be also increased? For, my friend, if we find brave, civilised, and opulent nations, we will import from them, into our own, their virtues, their arts, and their riches:

but,

but if, on the contrary, we discover them poor, ignorant, and barbarous, we will take upon us the godlike task of administering to their wants, reforming their manners, and, what is of unspeakably more consequence, saving their souls, by acquainting them with the Christian religion.'

" Enchanting visions! They floated in my imagination in the same captivating colours which had dazzled the prince, and a similarity of sentiment united me to him. I had inspired a dear friend, Tristan Vaz, with the same taste, and introduced him to don Henry: that prince took us into his personal service; we were seldom absent from him, and read with avidity together books of antient and modern travels. The good sense of the prince rejected many of the stories we found in them; but the less enlightened minds of Vaz and myself, delighted in the giants, enchanters, and monsters we found there; and burnt with the desire of exploring other parts of the globe, which we doubted not would afford objects as marvellous.

" Don Henry disclosed his inclinations to his father, which that wise prince encouraged, and

and pointed out the most probable means of gratifying, by advising his first acquiring, before he began any new enterprize, every possible knowledge of navigation; and also acquainting himself with the discoveries attempted by others, by which he would be enabled to judge with more precision, by their success or failure, the best modes of procedure, and also to learn, if it was possible, whether those African countries, which lay beyond Cape Bajador, were worthy the expence and hazard of exploring.

“ In pursuance of this advice, don Henry fixed his residence at Sagres, that he might, by a perpetual view of the vast Atlantic, ever have his darling project before his eyes; for, on the bosom of that ocean, he determined to rear fame which should reach to all ages. He invited to this retreat the most learned men to assist his researches into the discoveries, and even the conjectures of antiquity. For more modern information, he had recourse to some Moors of Barbary, who were accustomed to travel into the interior provinces, and to some Jews, who, an ever-wandering people, know something of all

Vol. I. I nations;

nations ; and the result of his inquiries was, that ivory, gold dust, and other rich merchandises, were the generally supposed production of those remote provinces, which were said to border on the great sea ; and, as those remote provinces could not without the most imminent hazard be explored by land, don Henry justly inferred, that could he visit them by sea, their valuable productions would be as profitable to the states, as the discovery of unknown lands would be glorious for himself.

“ Satisfied now that his wishes pointed to no chimerical object, don Henry pursued his studies with increased avidity. The most useful discoveries had been made in the science of navigation ; but they were only regarded as parts of theoretic philosophy, not as practically useful. Flavio Gioia, a Neapolitan, had near a hundred years before this period observed that wonderful property of the magnet, by which it communicates such virtue to the needle, or slender rod of iron, as to make it point towards the poles of the earth : and perceiving immediately, that placed so as it might obey the

impulse,

impulse, it might be of important use to mariners, by enabling them to steer with certainty in dark and stormy nights, when the stars were hidden by the clouds; he invented a machine for that purpose, which he called the mariner's compass: but though by its assistance navigators found they could at all seasons, and in every place, discover the north and south with such perfect ease and accuracy, that they needed no longer the sight of the stars, or the observation of the coast, yet they still coursed timidly along the shore, rarely quitting the sight of land, nor had any idea of relying on this new guide, and launching out boldly into the pathless ocean.

"It was for don Henry to point out the inestimable uses of this instrument, and by it to open to man a new and ample field of enterprise; give to him the dominion of the sea, and put him in full possession of the earth, by enabling him to visit every part of it. Yet to effect these godlike purposes was a task the most arduous: for the prince found the fascinations of his manners and address, united to the influence of wealth

and rank, insufficient to conquer the prejudice of antient habits, and induce men, so tenacious of their customs as the mariners, to make untried experiments, or conform to the new rules he laid down for their conduct; and he was reduced to the necessity of educating seamen for himself. He established an observatory at Sagres; and alluring into his service men the most eminent for skill in navigation, foreigners as well as natives, he drew round him many ingenious youths, who were instructed in geography, astronomy, and various useful sciences, together with the art of conducting a ship by the assistance of the compass.

“ Thus, Sir, at an age when other youths are alive only to the allurements of ambition, or the emotions of pleasure, my royal master, impelled by the warm benevolence of a heart eager to serve his country, extend human knowledge and promote universal happiness, devoted his great abilities, the influence of his exalted rank, and all his wealth, to these beneficent purposes; for which the world, to the end of time, must applaud and bless him.

" No sooner was there a sufficient number of pupils instructed in this seminary for manning a ship, than don Henry provided one for the purpose of passing Cape Bajador, and gave the command of it to Tristan Vaz and myself. Our hearts exulted in this glorious distinction; and, with the united prayers of the whole nation for our success, fraught also with the wisest instructions of the prince, we set sail from the port of Lisbon.

" The wind was benign, and our course prosperous, till we came within sight of Cape Bajador; when, as we advanced, a dreadful hurricane suddenly poured its fury over our reeling vessel, and drove us many leagues out to sea. The night came on starless, dark, horrible. We continued to drive at the mercy of the winds, expecting every moment to be overwhelmed by the mountainous waves, and praying for the morning light. Never was day so tardy in its approaches. It came at last, but diminished not our anxiety: for when we cast our eager eyes around, no other objects presented themselves than the vast ocean, bounded by the concave of Heaven; our ship disabled in her masts

masts and rigging, and despair, in glaring colours, painted on every countenance.

" But when hope had expired, and we were preparing to meet our fate as men and as Christians, a boy, who had climbed among the tattered shrouds, suddenly cried, ' Land! Land!'

" Heart thrilling sound! It was a reprieve in the moment of execution. Yet our joy had soon its alloy, when we perceived the wind drove us so rapidly towards the land, that there was a probability of being wrecked on its shore. But, by the mercy of God, as we approached, the boisterous element subsided into gentle breezes, we ran our shattered bark into a creek; with transport jumped on the beach, and, having knelt in gratitude to that Being who had directed our vessel to this haven in its distress, we kissed the land which had afforded the seasonable refuge, and called it Porto Santo.

" Though disappointed in the principal object of our voyage, we deemed our discovery of such consequence, that, as soon as we had repaired our vessel, we returned with all possible expedition to Lisbon, having in
this

this voyage been the first in experiencing the admirable use of the compass in conducting a ship through untracked seas. Our noble employer received our intelligence with transport, loaded us with caresses and applause, and sent us out early in the next spring with three ships, well stored with necessaries, to render the island habitable, and its inhabitants comfortable.

" We had been but a short time at Porto Santo, ere I observed towards the south, a spot in the horizon, which I at first imagined to be a small black cloud. But after remarking it for several days, and seeing it always the same, I pointed it out to my companions, Vaz and Pereftrello, an ingenious man whom the prince had joined with us as commander of the third ship; and acquainting them with my conjectures, that it might be another island, we fitted out the lightest of our vessels, and sailed towards it.

" As we advanced, the dusky speck enlarged by degrees, till we beheld a very considerable island, rich in the most exuberant vegetation, and covered with wood. We named

it Madeira; and steering again to Porto Santo, where we left Pereftrello governor, Vaz and myself returned to Portugal with the news of this discovery.

“ Our intelligence communicated to our patron all the pleasure we had pictured to ourselves; a fleet of ships was immediately equipped to carry inhabitants to this new island, with every accommodation for them; together with the seeds, plants, and domestic animals common to Europe. Since which time the prince has procured vines from your island of Cyprus, where it is thought are made the richest wines in the world; and sugar canes from Sicily, whither they had lately been introduced from the Indies. So benign is the climate, so fertile the soil, and every thing thrives so prosperously in this new country, that its sugar and wine are already become considerable articles in the commerce of Portugal.

“ But the care and improvement of these islands, did not so engross don Henry as to make him neglect his first object. The voyages to and from Madeira had accus-
tomed

tomed our seamen to a bolder navigation than creeping servilely along the coasts: and Gilianez, by venturing out into the open sea, beyond the currents, and out of the reach of those eddying winds which blow from the shore, at length doubled Cape Bajador, and descried the vast continent of Africa still washed by the Atlantic ocean, and stretching towards the south.

“The exulting navigators advanced, and explored the coast, which they found inhabited by a people resembling the Moors of Barbary. They passed an immense river, since called the Senegal; but, to their astonishment in their progress farther south, they perceived the human form assume a new appearance: the men they now saw had skins as black as ebony; instead of hair, their heads were covered with short, thick, curled wool; their distended nostrils were nearly flat upon their faces, and their lips disgustingly prominent and thick.

“Attributing this surprising alteration to the heat of the climate, which was found increasingly intense, some of the most experienced sailors now recollected that in their

advances to the south, they must have entered the torrid zone ; a region which, lying immediately under the flaming course of the sun, must breathe a burning air uncongenial with either animal or vegetable life ; and which, inhabited, could be the abode only of demons or wicked genii. They trembled with horror at having passed the sacred boundary assigned by God to the restless curiosity of man ; and though their captain, with infinite difficulty, persuaded them to steer the vessel till they reached Cape Verd, no argument could induce them to consent to pass that point, but they obliged Gilianez to return to Portugal.

“ During these nautical improvements and discoveries, our king died, and was succeeded by his eldest son, the learned and eloquent Edward. But he was snatched from us by the plague, after a short reign of five years, leaving the present Alphonso an infant, and his queen regent for the time of the minority. The Cortes disliked her government, and chose as regent don Pedro, third son of king John. Yet, during these changes, the countenance and assistance given to don Henry by
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the ruling powers were invariably the same. All factions united in a just sense of the benefits resulting, not only to Portugal, but to the whole world, from his labours and enterprises, and cheerfully joined in defraying the vast expences they necessarily incurred, confident that a very few years would amply repay them. Not even envy had dared to open its malignant mouth, till the return of Gilianez ; when the account given by him and his seamen, exaggerated by fear and embellished by fancy, of those uncouth men, alarmed the timid, astonished the ignorant, and united against the prince the fanatics, with those grandees who had long beheld with vexation the glory of his superior talents and prosperous undertakings.

“ Alas ! cried the nobles, with affected patriotism, is this all the fruit we are to expect from the enormous expences of the chimerical projects of twenty years ? Have our sumptuary laws divested us of the ornaments of our rank ; has the resumption of the crown lands, robbed the brave of the meed of valour ; has Portugal been exhausted of her strength and wealth, and drained of her use-

ful subjects, for nothing more than the discovery of countries uninhabitable but by monsters? Regions which the wisdom and experience of antiquity, had ages before pronounced inimical with man. For does not the wise Pliny say, ‘ There are five divisions of the earth, which are called zones. All that portion of the earth, which lies near to the two opposite poles, is oppressed with vehement cold and eternal frost. There, unblest with the aspect of milder stars, perpetual darkness reigns, or, at the most, a feeble light reflected from surrounding snows. The middle of the earth, in which is the orbit of the sun, is scorched and burnt up with flames and fiery vapour. Between these torrid and frozen districts lie two other portions of the earth, which are temperate; but on account of the burning region interposed, there can be no communication between them. Thus heaven has deprived us of three parts of the earth.’

“ And if heaven has *so* done, said the fanatics, now taking their turn, how shall man resist its divine decrees? How presumptuously dare to penetrate the eternal boundary?

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The design, the attempt, is treason to the majesty of God, and will undoubtedly incur the most terrible judgements. What, added they, turning to the grandees, what are the inconveniences of which you complain from the sumptuary laws; what the hardships sustained by reclaiming the crown lands; what the impoverishment of the nation, in men and treasure, in pursuance of these impious schemes, to the horrible vengeance which don Henry, by persisting in them, is upon the point of drawing down on this unhappy nation?

“ Though don Henry contemned alike the erroneous philosophy of the grandees, and the absurd apprehensions of the fanatics, yet he well knew their influence on the mind of the multitude, and the insurmountable barrier they might prove to his further designs: to obviate therefore all their efforts, he determined to obtain the most indisputable authority for his meditated operations, by gaining the sanction of the vicegerent of God himself.

“ He wrote to his holiness pope, Eugene the Fourth, representing that he had for near
 twenty

twenty years occupied himself and his fortune in exploring unknown countries; the wretched inhabitants of which he had invariably found wandering in heathen darkness, or led astray by the delusions of Mahomet. He besought the holy father, to whom, as the vicar of Christ, all the kingdoms of the earth were subject, to confer on the crown of Portugal, all those countries possessed by infidels, which had already, or should in future, be discovered by the industry of its subjects, or subdued by the force of its arms, that it might more effectually be enabled to spread in those lands the knowledge of the Christian religion, establish the authority of the holy see, and increase the flock of the universal pastor. And lest they should be interrupted in this pious work, by the malevolent interposition of other powers, he entreated his holiness to enjoin all Christian princes, not to molest Portugal while her ships and men were engaged in it, nor disturb her possession of territories thus acquired.

“ The holy father hearkened to the petition of don Henry, and, in the plenitude of his power, he issued a bull, in which, after
applauding

applauding the past efforts of the Portuguese, and exhorting them to proceed in the laudable course, he granted them an exclusive right to all the countries they should discover from Cape Non to the continent of India: anathematizing all who should invade Portugal, or disturb her navigation or conquests.

“Armed with this authority, which not only obviated every objection, both political and religious, but even interested religion and policy greatly in his success, don Henry prepared with increased zeal and activity for more important discoveries. The application to the pontiff had unveiled to all Europe the Portuguese enterprises, and the world was astonished at beholding the sphere of navigation so greatly enlarged, a prospect opened of visiting regions of the globe, whose existence were before unknown; and even the torrid zone, hitherto supposed to be scorched by intolerable heat, on the point of being daringly explored. Numbers of youthful adventurers crowded from every nation, soliciting the prince for employment

ployment in this singularly honourable service. The court, the nation, now emulated each other in promoting his preparations. Many ships were sent out, a long range of country explored within the confines of the burning zone, which, contrary to all predictions, have not only been found habitable, but even populous and fertile. No one has indeed yet dared to cross the equator, for all are fearful of a too near approach to it, apprehensive of some direful consequence; though it is the opinion of our enlightened prince, that the countries under the line are equally habitable with those already seen. By sweeping with a bolder sail into the ocean, many islands have been discovered; a cluster of ten were found some hundred leagues off Cape Verd; and the Azores, another cluster, far within the northern part of the Atlantic.

“ But this prosperous career has been for some years checked by the expeditions of Alphonso against the Moors of Barbary: and I am greatly apprehensive the glorious passion for discovery will expire with that spirit

spirit which gave it birth, and has been the soul of every enterprise. The health of don Henry has been long declining, and the last African incursion has finally destroyed it. Alas! Sir, I fear a few, a *very* few days, from some symptoms I remarked, will rob the world of a life which has been so beneficial to it."

CHAP. XV.

THE prediction of the venerable Gonzalez Zarco evinced itself but too just; Don Henry expired in a few days, and the whole Portuguese nation was plunged into the deepest affliction. For no subject could a mourning be more general, or more sincere. The mild virtues of his amiable character had endeared him to the affections of those with whom he was most intimately connected: his urbanity, the courteousness of his manners had conciliated the hearts of the multitude: his virtues, his learning, his uncommon abilities, had acquired him the esteem and admiration of the good and the wise. All knew that the noblest, the most disinterested philanthropy had warmed his soul, and actuated his conduct; that his great talents had been directed, his princely fortune exhausted, in plans for the aggrandisement of his country, and for the general benefit of mankind.

Portugal,

Portugal, a small state, cooped up between Spain and the Atlantic, was unimportant amongst the nations till the genius of don Henry rose, and pointed out to her sons the advantage of her maritime situation, the utility of her commodious harbours; taught them the science most worthy their study, the science of navigation; led them to a field of more glorious enterprize than their perpetual wars with the Moors had afforded, the sea; enlarged their dominion, not by destructive conquest, but discovery, and extended their commerce over nations not known before to exist.

Nothing can be conceived more interesting than the funeral of that great man, at which the whole nation seemed assembled, and grief, in all its various shapes, was portrayed on every countenance; even the eye of monastic apathy was filled with tears; and the heart which had long discarded, in fullen seclusion, the social affections, heaved in sighs for the public benefactor. The obsequies were as magnificent as affecting; for no expence was spared which could do honour to his memory. Before the funereal litter a
veteran

veteran sea officer bore the banner of don Henry, which, streaming to the wind, displayed his armorial ensigns; and under it, blazing in golden letters, his motto, which, when shrinking from the applausive voice of the multitude, his modesty pointed out to him, as the only part of his character for which he had reason to applaud himself, "THE TALENT OF DOING GOOD!"

Carlos walked in the melancholy procession, but Calliades preferred seeing it, and for that purpose went to the house of a grandee situated in a street through which it must necessarily pass. As our Cypriot in an upper apartment was observing from a window, when the melancholy notes of the martial music proclaimed the approach of the corpse, the mournful, yet eager expression of anxious expectation impressed on the faces of the crowd which lined the streets, which was so peculiar that he was sketching some of them on his tablets, he remarked amidst them a person, who by his dress appeared to be a foreigner, and whose air denoted him of a rank far superior to his companions. Pointing him out to the lady of the mansion, few arguments

arguments were requisite to gain her permission for inviting him into the house.

Calliades addressed the stranger in Portuguese and Spanish; but finding himself not understood, changed his language to Italian, which though the cavalier spoke imperfectly, he in it easily comprehended the hospitable purpose of Calliades, accepted the invitation with an air of grateful pleasure, was introduced to the lady, and seated in the same window with his conductor, who now tried him in the Greek language, and with mutual transport they gazed on each other, as recognising in this distant spot a countryman, when each from the peculiar articulation was assured it was the native tongue of the other.

With reciprocal approbation they prolonged the glance of pleasure, for both were young, handsome, graceful; each possessed an open countenance, which denoted sense and internal worth; a noble air which distinguished him from the vulgar, an intrepidity of mien which marked unshaken courage; but there was no leisure to give these sentiments voice, for the harbingers of the procession were before them.

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As Calliades was perfectly acquainted with the whole Portuguese court, where he was respectfully noticed by every noble individual, he was enabled to gratify the curiosity of the stranger by naming each as they passed. As also by repeating the discourse of Gonzalez, to give him more complete information of don Henry's superlative merits than had before reached him.

The mournful cavalcade closed; an elegant refreshment was brought in, of which the lady and her beautiful daughters partook, and claimed their share in the conversation, which being necessarily in the language of the country, Calliades undertook the office of interpreter between them and the stranger, with whose lively turns and gallant sentiments he was greatly charmed: they by no means suffered in the translation, and the time passed in reciprocal satisfaction.

The repast ended, the ladies withdrew, and a short pause in the conversation ensued; when the stranger, after looking with an air of complacency in the face of his companion, suddenly cried, "I am a person of little erudition, Sir, and less philosophy, for
till

till this moment I never troubled myself with a single question relative to the nature of the soul: probably, Sir, you are acquainted with those metaphysical disputes which have agitated the learned concerning it, and are qualified to inform me why some peculiar combinations of features should act upon the soul as a repellent, from which apprehensive, or abhorrent it, without any reflection, shrinks back on itself? and why other modes of combination, other airs of expression, some certain tunings of the voice, some particular urbanities of manner, should, on the contrary, act upon it with such irresistible attraction, that, without waiting the slower sanction of reason, it flies out to meet its object, and impels a man to embrace, to elect for the companion of his life, the friend of his bosom, the person whom till the present hour he never saw? Were you, Sir, ever conscious of these sensations?"

"Never so forcibly as at this moment. Ere you spoke I was reflecting on the Pythagorean philosophy, and was tempted from my feelings to suppose that the intellectual part
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of us had, in some pre-existent state, formed the most intimate union."

"Surely, if so, (said the stranger) the soul springs forward in recognition of her kindred soul, and we are only renewing the friendship of past ages; a friendship which I hope will never end but with our existence. Suffer me to inquire what Grecian state gave you birth?"

"I am of Cyprus."

"Delightful! my countryman also! for I am of Cyprus, (cried the stranger, straining our hero to his bosom in a fervent embrace). In our infancy perhaps we knew each other: I am called Theramanes."

"And I Calliades ——."

The stranger started from his embrace as if he had unexpectedly detected a serpent; his colour heightened, his features discomposed. "*Calliades!* (at last he repeated). Ah! unsay it — you cannot, you *shall* not be Calliades. My soul — no, it is *impossible* it should be attracted as to its kindred soul by such a ——." He paused, as if reluctant to articulate the ungrateful appellations.

"Proceed,

“Proceed, (said our Cypriot, with a melancholy air). Why pause you? Proceed, and finish the portrait which malignance has drawn for the son of Thrasyllus. Call him an assassin, a poisoner: *so* his native island cruelly characterises him. With how much injustice, (added he, lifting up his eyes to Heaven) THOU, who explorest all hearts, and witnest all actions, knowest; and in THEE he trusteth for a future justification.”

A silence of some minutes commenced. The eyes of Theramanes were gloomily fixed on the floor; those of Calliades on the face of his companion. At last, “Never (said he, with a sigh) did this undeserved calumny give me so bitter a regret as at this moment; that I perceive it has rendered that man, whom of all men I covet for my friend, an enemy, thirsting for my life, and seeking to present my head and hand as an oblation at the shrines of love and revenge. Am I mistaken?”

“You are not,” answered Theramanes suddenly, just lifting his eyes to the face of the other, and then, as if out of humour at

the view, and at himself for his egregious mistake, dropping them again to the earth.

“ I confess (said our hero) that I shall draw my sword with reluctance. This evening was devoted to the society of the first people in Portugal, not only in rank, but in wit and information also. Their brilliancy may be somewhat obscured by their recent loss, yet you will perceive enough admirable not to regret the hours spent with them. Suffer me to afford you as well as myself this mental enjoyment. Let us for this evening forget we are not friends: let us abandon ourselves to the first impulse of our souls, and to-morrow morning, forgetful of them, we will meet as enemies in the field north of the city.”

Theramanes gave a kind of answer which it would have been difficult to pronounce either negative or affirmative; Calliades however, interpreted it to his own wish, and wrung his reluctant hand in a truce of enmity as the master of the house and his noble guests entered the apartment. Our hero introduced the Greek to them, and they received him with the utmost courtesy.

The conversation at first was grave and solemn, from the impression of the objects which had recently surrounded them; but as nothing is more transitory than grief for public misfortunes, nor more fugitive than the melancholy which depresses the spirits by the mechanical effect of awful images, the natural hilarity of Calliades, supported by conscious integrity, and unshaken by the last vexatious adventure, by the introduction of livelier topics soon dissipated the gloom; and if the colloquial intercourse was not gay, it was at least so sparkling as to be extremely entertaining.

Of this opinion was Theramanes, to whom Calliades interpreted all that was said, and who saw with astonishment the man whom he had been taught to regard as the vilest on earth treated with flattering distinction by the first people in the kingdom. He could not but confess the energy and information of his understanding, the brilliancy of his wit, the grace and dignity of his deportment, and was constrained to be charmed in despite of every effort to retain anger and awaken hatred.

At length the hour of separation arrived; previous to which Calliades had informed Theramanes that he was well assured the contest they were engaged in would, at this peculiar period especially, be displeasing to the court of Portugal, which had exerted its power and influence to prevent the decision of private quarrels by combat, the frequency and inveteracy of which had been productive of great evils; to avoid embarrassing, therefore, he said, any of his friends, he would repair to the appointed place at seven in the morning, in his usual dress, one servant only attending him, who should privately carry his armour; and advised his antagonist to the same measures.

Theramanes, with an amiable disposition, and an excellent heart, was warm in his temper, and impetuous in his passions. Mortified in being so egregiously deceived by the exterior of Calliades, out of humour with himself at finding his feelings at war with his reason, and that it was impossible to preserve that abhorrence for the assassin of Melitus which his character demanded, he was by no means disposed to be in good humour with others,

others, and found so much reason, when he arrived at the estallage, for displeasure, that, after having rated his servant in no very gentle terms, he was provoked, by some saucy answers, to give him, with the flat of his sword, a blow upon the shoulders, and dismissed him in great anger, after having ordered him to clean up his armour.

The servant which Theramanes had brought with him from Cyprus had fallen from his mule in descending one of the Pyrennean mountains, and was so dangerously bruised, that he was obliged to be left in a venta at a small distance from the place where the accident happened, and the Cypriot had hired his present servant in Spain, being induced to chuse him for his knowledge of the Greek language, he having been a slave in the Morea.

Enraged at some of the epithets with which his master had honoured him, still more so at the blow, the native violence of his temper heightened by the wine he had been drinking, Perez clattered the armour into the kitchen, where, as he rubbed it with a fury which would have bruised pieces less finely tem-

pered, he muttered the most diabolical curses.

As these imprecations were uttered in Greek, that he might with greater safety to himself unload the virulence of his heart, for he stood in some awe of the estallagerio who was present, he attracted the attention of an ordinary-looking man who had entered since Perez had been engaged with his master, and who, approaching him, inquired in the same language the cause of his anger.

Charmed at finding a person to whom he could unreservedly talk, Perez, without hesitation, imparted very minutely the whole affair to his new acquaintance, omitting nothing in the recital but the provocation he had given.

“And of what country is this scoundrel master of yours?” questioned the Greek.—

“He comes from the isle of Cyprus (answered Perez) originally, but last from France.”

“A tall, handsome man?” questioned the Greek.—“Very tall, very handsome, (answered Perez) and the devil himself, from his face, would never find out the ill humour which

which lodges in his heart, so deceitful are his looks."

"Young?"—"Yes."—"And his name?"

"—Let me be hanged (said Perez, rubbing his forehead) if I can at this moment recollect it, I have had so seldom occasion to speak it, and my head is so cursedly muzzy."

"Is it Calliades?"—"Calliades! Calliades! — no, that is not it — yet it sounds something like it, for it ends in *ees*."

"No matter, (said the Greek); people may change their names, you know, when they think they shall be pursued for their evil deeds. Whatever he may call himself, I am certain, from your description, my friend, that I know this master of yours; but I know no good of him I assure you, for he is in fact the most wicked wretch upon the face of God's earth: it would make your hair stand an end to hear the tythe of his abominable actions. He makes no bones of poisoning all that offend him; and if you have angered him, beware of him I beseech you — I only say beware. I can only caution you as a friend — 'tis no business of mine — I *can* have no interest in warning you of your danger; but

but for the wealth of the pope I would not stand in your shoes I promise you."

" Fire and furies! (exclaimed Perez, sufficiently alarmed) what is to be done?"——

" Done! it is a very difficult thing to advise in so nice a point. — I cannot chuse but weep at the untimely death of so comely a young man — so sensible — one that I took such a fancy to the moment I sat eyes on his face. Alas! alas! my very heart is grieved," and he covered his eyes with his hand with every gesture of sorrow.

" My dear, good friend, (said Perez, sobbing) if you have that love for me you say, tell me, I beseech you, what I shall do — shall I run away to-night?"

" I would advise *cowards* only to run away; the *brave* I would urge to REVENGE. — Heavens and earth, a blow! and would I *tamely* bear a blow? — But perhaps you are a *squeamish, conscientious*, serving man, (added he sneeringly) a true spaniel-constitutioned fellow, that would love a master the better for a beating — are perhaps afraid your confessor should chide if you use your stiletto. —

Ha!

Ha! how beats your heart, my lad? I must know *that* before I can advise."

"I fear only the gallows; secure me from that, and you will find I dare do what you dare advise."—"Spoke like a gallant spirit, (said the Greek); and now I am with you."

At this moment a knocking was heard at the door of the estallage, which being opened, a servant said he had a billet for the Cyprian cavallerio, which he must deliver into his own hands. Perez stepped forward. "I am his servant, (said he) and if you will trust me with the billet, I will promise you it shall be delivered this moment; but you cannot be admitted to the cavallerio, for he is now in bed."—The man gave him the paper, and withdrew. Perez took a candle, and, winking on the Greek, went towards his master's apartment, but stopped on being joined by his companion, and, stepping into a bye corner, they agreed to open the letter. They did so, and read as follows:

"I have reconsidered, Sir, the circumstances of our meeting, and on reflection I do not think the place I appointed sufficiently private; for though, should fortune

declare in my favour, I am assured I possess sufficient interest to soften the severe edicts of the court: you, as a stranger in Portugal, might be liable to disagreeable embarrassments, should I fall by your hand. To obviate this, we will, if you please, cross the Tagus: you may take boat about seven in the morning, and order your boatmen to carry you over to Almada. They will land you at the foot of a mountain; a craggy, rough, and steep path will conduct you to its summit; and two bows shot on the right hand you will perceive a Dominican convent. Behind that convent I will meet you, and in it, should I fall by your hand, you may take sanctuary, and thence easily quit the kingdom. Adieu, Sir.—Though we meet on so unpleasant a business, yet on my side, entertaining no enmity, I will subscribe myself still your Friend; nor will I mar the title by adding to it a name which you have been taught—ah! how unjustly—to hate.”

“ This will do, (exclaimed the Greek). Provide me, my dear friend, but with two gallant fellows that will not flinch; we will wait near that convent, and call me rascal if I
do

do not revenge the blow which your insolent master gave a better man than himself, and at the same time rid the world of an infernal villain.——But we must reclose the letter—there—you must not carry the candle too near when he opens it—and be careful to call him a good half hour before the time, that we may have leisure for our purpose before the other spark comes.”

The murderous plan adjusted, Perez awoke his master early in the morning, and they were soon at the side of the Tagus. But by some means, pushing off the boat, one of the men crushed his hand, and from the pain plied his oar so awkwardly as greatly retarded their little navigation. Perez, impatient at the slowness of their course across the river, cursed and swore with such inhuman rage at the poor fellow as drew upon him the reprehension of Theramanes, who, upon such occasions, not being very choice in his expressions, delivered himself with such energy, as added fuel to the latent infernal flame raging in the breast of Perez, who sunk into a sullen silence, comforting himself with the idea that a few moments would revenge the insults.

At length they reached the opposite shore, which the Cypriot found rising to a mountainous height. He ascended its summit by the described path, where he had a view of two villages, Castillo and Almada, and turning himself round to review the way he came, was astonished at the noble and varied prospect which presented itself. At his feet rolled the Tagus, crowned by the magnificent city of Lisbon. The river along its banks to the sea, where it poured its tributary wave, adorned with villages, castles, palaces. The whole surrounded by an immense landscape, beautifully diversified by the villas of the nobility, the cottages of the peasants; by churches, convents, corn fields, meadows, vineyards, gardens, orchards, citron and orange groves: the whole bounded by that vast promontory, cape Roch, and a range of lofty mountains.

The eye of Theramanes roved transported from object to object, whilst Perez impatiently waited, thinking every moment an age which procrastinated his revenge; but finding his master still gazing, and still unsated, "Your antagonist (said he sullenly) will think
you

you in no haste to meet him.”—Theramanes turned hastily, and swiftly pursued his way to the convent, which was full in sight. He passed it, and behind it found himself in a small meadow, skirted by a wood.

Satisfied this was the appointed place, he was preparing to put on his armour, when he saw four men starting from the wood, and running towards him. Imprecating the perfidious Calliades, who he doubted it not had thus plotted his destruction, Theramanes determined to sell his life as dear as possible: he wrenched his sword with difficulty from off Perez, but was instantly disarmed by a violent blow with a club on the right hand; and the ponderous weapon again lifted up, was on the point of descending with all its force on his defenceless head, when Calliades, who in that instant arrived, and in the same moment that he saw the situation of Theramanes darted like the elemental flash to his assistance, with one blow of his sword severed the uplifted arm from the body of the ruffian, whose enormous weapon tumbled hurtless to the ground, and he ran howling back into the wood.

Perez

Perez had by this time joined the assassins, who daringly advanced. Theramanes had seized the fallen club, which by its length prevented their closing with him. The onset was furious, and the struggle desperate; and it was not till after the villains had received several wounds, and had deeply wounded Calliades, that the brave Cypriots drove them to take refuge in the wood.

"Thus far, (said Calliades, the moment the field was cleared of them) thus far I have satisfied the claims of humanity in the defence of another: now my own honour demands my sword. Anthonio, bring my armour. Arm, Sir."

"Never, (replied Theramanes) never will I arm against the preserver of my life. No, Sir, your honour in defending that other, in the circumstances in which he was to meet you, has incontrovertibly justified itself.—But, alas! you bleed—you are pale.—My God! he faints.—Run, good Anthonio, run to that convent—tell the fathers a wounded man implores their assistance—Fly—lose not a moment——."

The

The convent was quickly opened to the voice of distress. Calliades was borne thither in a state of insensibility. His recovery was accelerated by proper applications. Some of the good fathers, skilful in surgery, inspected his wounds, and pronounced them, though dangerous, yet not mortal, if he would submit himself entirely to their governance; and Calliades readily promised an acquiescence in what was to terminate so beneficially.

From these venerable recluses he experienced the most humane attentions, together with the most skilful treatment. From Theramanes' assiduities of a more tender and interesting air — fraternal affection, commiserating, sympathising friendship; for with the recurrence of those sentiments which arose in the breast of that Cypriot on their first interview gratitude was now combined, and rendered him unspeakably anxious for the cure of those wounds received in his defence, as well as timidly apprehensive on every little change in the patient. Incessant were his petitions to St. Luke, the physician, for the exertion of his skill; many were the alms he gave

gave to obtain the prayers of others for the same purpose; and various the vows which he made of pilgrimages, and other religious acts, would it please Heaven to heal Calliades.

Whether in consequence of these vows, whether by the skill of St. Luke or that of the Dominicans, it is not for me to determine; but by one or the other, or perhaps all united to the youth and excellent constitution of the patient, he was in a state of convalescence much sooner than had been at first predicted, though the kindness of the monks detained him at the convent some time after his removal had ceased to be dangerous.

At length the Cypriots returned to Lisbon. Calliades had regained his usual health, and resumed his accustomed pursuits, when Theramenes, by a light vessel which had been dispatched on purpose, received the intelligence of his father's being dangerously ill, and longing ardently to see him before he died.

The afflicted son lost not a moment in obeying the melancholy summons. — "Farewel, (said he, as he embraced Calliades)
adieu,

adieu, most generous, most injured of men! Are we doomed *never* again to meet? Will Cyprus be *always* unjust? At least, let me be present in thy remembrance, as thou wilt be ever present in mine, and forget, as my idea rises, that once I *endeavoured* to be thy enemy; or if the ungrateful recollection *will* obtrude, palliate my guilt by reflecting, that, misled by the falsehood of rumour, I sought only the life of a criminal; that life which stood between me and felicity; which taken, would have ensured me Hermione and happiness. My judgement warped by these prejudices, my heart buoyed by false hopes, I left Cyprus exulting in imaginary success, and anticipating a triumphal return. I return to witness the dissolution of an indulgent parent, and by own testimony annihilate every hope which love had formed, because love is incompatible with honour and friendship."

"O Theramanes! (said Calliades with a sigh) and thou wilt plant daggers in the fair bosom of Hermione by the disappointment, whose discriminating eye must have distinguished thy merits. Better my worthless life were a thousand times forfeited than that
breast

breast wounded by hopeless passion. No, Theramanes, (added he, his colour heightening, his eyes sparkling) my head I yield gladly to ensure hers and thy felicity; and I insist on returning with thee to Cyprus, and delivering myself to Hermione as thy captive."

"How noble this enthusiasm of friendship! (answered Theramanes, pressing our hero to his bosom); but it must not, *shall* not be hearkened to. The sacrifice would glut the vengeance of Euryclea, without contributing to the happiness of Hermione; for I cannot flatter myself with her viewing me with a partial regard; and I am well assured the heavenly softness of her temper turns with horror from her mother's sanguinary pursuits, though she is constrained to acquiesce in them."

"And she never has favoured you?"

"Never, in the *smallest* degree. She is courteous to all who approach her, but smiles with distinction on none. Oh! that you could but once view the charming maid! you would then form a right judgement of the wound inflicted by the extinction of all hope of possessing her. She is —, but I dare not trust.

trust myself with the description, for I should talk down a summer's fun; and see I am summoned on board the bark. — Adieu, my dearest friend! Guard well thy noble breast against open and secret enemies, for many are the hands which perfect beauty and immense wealth will raise against thy life."

CHAP. XVI.

THE day after the departure of Theramenes, whilst Carlos was engaged in perusing some letters from Castile, Calliades walked alone by the side of the Tagus, to revolve in solitude the embarrassments of his situation, to the more poignant sense of which the adieu of his friend had awakened him.

Though our hero had never seen Hermione, her idea portrayed by a lively imagination in all perfect loveliness, had by a concurrent train of events been deeply engraved on his heart, and preserved it like a talisman from the fascinations of those fair ones to whom he had been introduced. His scrutinizing eye in the most beautiful countenance still discerned some defect, of which the faultless image of Hermione was devoid; or discovered the mind destitute of that information and judgment, on the conversation of

of that brilliancy with which his fancy had decked the all-accomplished Cypriot.

Yet this secret object of idolatry was not worshipped without the sacrifice of many sighs, when he reflected that this fair standard of perfection was destined to the possession of that man who should evince himself *his* greatest enemy, and was to be purchased alone by his destruction.

His acquaintance with Theramanes had given double pungency to this distressing consideration; for in their frequent conversations he had attained a more determinate idea than his imagination had produced, of the beautiful daughter of Melitus; and at the same time a clearer conception of the unsurmountable barrier that was sprung up between him and the most remote hope of possessing her.

With slow and solemn steps Calliades paced the margin of the river, till its noisy navigators disturbed his pensive meditations: then withdrawing to some distance from it, he threw himself at the foot of a spreading tree, and blind to the beauties of the rural scene around, deaf to the little winged warblers,
 whose

whose melody filled the air, insensible to every outward object, his busy mind retracing the happy days of his childhood and youth; when un sullied happiness dwelt in the present hour, gay hope gilded the fair prospect of the future; and contrasting them with his condition *now*, friendless, poor, defamed; wretched in the present, hopeless of the future! Despair was striding rapidly towards him, when its sad approach was suddenly arrested by a loud clap of thunder; and Calliades looking upwards, perceived the heavens heavy with clouds, and every appearance of a swiftly-descending storm.

Rising from his grassy couch, he hastened towards the town; but not with sufficient celerity to escape a torrent of rain, which overtook him as he reached some wretched cottages in the skirts of the suburbs; and without any ceremony he ran into the nearest for shelter.

His sudden entrance evidently disturbed a poor sick man, who lay upon a bundle of straw in one corner of the hovel. This feeble object, raising himself upon his elbow, gazed a few moments on Calliades with eyes, whose

whose varying expression gradually heightened from the first glance of inquietude to the glare of extreme affright; and then sinking again on his wretched bed, and hiding his face in it, seemed there to take refuge from an object of terror.

With a countenance on which compassion was deeply impressed, our Cypriot approached, and in a tone of voice the most conciliating, entreated that his intrusion might give no uneasiness; for that he only sought shelter from a tempest, which his host might hear raging, and a torrent of rain, which he must perceive dropping from various parts of his decayed roof. "But (added Calliades) I shall deem the storm which has driven me here a fortunate incident, if by bringing me acquainted with a distressed fellow-creature, I have it in my power to alleviate his sufferings."

Again the unhappy wretch looked up to him, affright still wandering over his pallid countenance, and too much convulsing his lips to allow him to speak. "You are sick, (said the son of Thrasyllus, after a short pause),

pause), and you are alone. Poor, perhaps, and destitute.—Is it not so?"

" Ah! very sick, Sir, (said at last the trembling creature), very poor—and, alas! very *very* destitute; for I have no friends, and even hope has forsaken me."

" Poor, poor man! (exclaimed Calliades, with the countenance of a ministering angel). Yet amidst this distress the all-seeing eye of Heaven has not been regardless of you; and its good Providence has conducted me hither for your relief. You shall be removed into the town, and care taken of you. As far as my abilities reach, I will administer to all your necessities."

" *You administer to my wants! You relieve my necessities!* (exclaimed the man, his pale face flushing with a sickly glow); is it possible? alas! Sir, you know me not." He stopped, trembling with emotions, to which Calliades imputed far different causes than those from which they originated.

" True, (he replied), I am a stranger to your person, but am not so to your distress; and surely that is a sufficient inducement for a Christian knight to interest himself in your favour.

favour. The moment the storm abates I will hasten to the city to procure you a more convenient situation, and people to conduct you to it. But if the recital will not much pain you, tell me how this destitution of every comfort befall you near a civilized city, and in the neighbourhood of so many convents, whose holy inhabitants are ever ready to succour distress?

“ You are too good to a wretch who does not deserve it (said the man, wiping his eyes). Alas! Sir, I am a stranger in this country, and knew not its charitable resources. When I first came hither I was unfortunately engaged in a fray, in which I was much wounded. My companions forsook me. My money was soon expended in healing medicines, and before I had recovered sufficient strength to travel to my native country, the man in whose house I lodged turned me out, because I had not wherewith to pay him. I crept into this unoccupied hovel, and solicited, whilst I was able to crawl, the charity of passers by. But this not affording me due sustenance, I have been gradually growing weaker and weaker, till now unable to rise,

had not the wondrous mercy of the Almighty to the vilest of sinners directed your steps to this place, a very short time would have finished my miserable existence."

"Of what country are you?"

The man hesitated, and then with some reluctance said, "I am a Greek."—"Think not (said Calliades, whose penetration was equal to the goodness of his heart), that because I am fortunate enough to render you some services, I imagine myself entitled to pry impertinently into your affairs. Be your secrets sacred, I will never seek to know what you think proper to conceal; I also am Greek, and we may have the pleasure of conversing together in our native language. But see the sky clears. Farewel: you shall soon hear from me."

Ever faithful to his word, ever punctilious in performing minutely all of which he had given expectation in consequence of the care of Calliades, a few hours saw the distressed Greek reposing upon a comfortable bed, in a reputable estallage, attended by a compassionate nurse, served carefully with nutritious

tritious food, and his spirits renovated by cordials of sovereign efficacy.

These offices of humanity had so long occupied Calliades, that though it was morning when he left his friend Carlos, it was evening ere he rejoined him.

The Cypriot found the Castilian uneasily musing on the contents of the letters he had received in the morning, which were to him of the most distressing and embarrassing nature, as they reduced him to the dilemma of either appearing ungrateful to the king, by whom he had been distinguished and promoted, or insensible to the injuries his country had sustained by the monarch's impolitic and flagitious conduct; for he learnt by them, that the general discontents had ripened into rebellion; that the whole kingdom was in arms, and the Cortes summoned to meet on a day named, at Avila, for the express purpose of deposing the weak and imprudent Henry.

Carlos determined to appear at Avila at the appointed time, though the conflict of honour and patriotism was so equal in his breast, as rendered him for the present inca-

pable of chusing his party ; and Calliades, desirous of being the spectator of so interesting and uncommon a scene, resolved to accompany him.

But our Cypriot did not leave Portugal before he had several times visited the wretched object of his charity, in whose health he had the satisfaction of perceiving a rapid amendment. He provided liberally for his present support, and, as a future means of subsistence, offered to take him into his service when his strength should be sufficient to follow his benefactor into Spain.

Of the generosity of this proposal the Greek appeared fully sensible. A deep blush overspread his pallid cheek, and his tongue stammered an inarticulate acknowledgement of gratitude as he accepted it.

CHAP. XVII.

ON the morning of the day appointed, Osorio and Calliades arrived in the environs of Avila. They found in a plain without the walls of that city, a spacious theatre constructed, and in it seated in semicircular order, the assembled states of the kingdom, called the Cortes; in which, as in the English parliament, resided at that time the judicial part of the constitution of Castile: it was composed of the nobility, the dignified ecclesiastics, and the representatives of the cities. Carlos took his place among them, and the Cypriot was permitted to sit by his side.

Suddenly a curtain, which had concealed the upper part of the theatre was drawn aside, and discovered a superb throne; upon which, to represent the king, was placed an image attired in royal robes; a crown on its head, a sceptre in its hand, and by its side the sword of justice.

For a time a deep and solemn silence reigned; all eyes were straining in expectation of the opening scene, and most hearts palpitating for its consequences. The principal actors in this awful drama were prepared in their parts, and determined to proceed; yet, with minds deeply impressed with its importance, there appeared in them at this interesting moment a timid reluctance.

At length an officer with a paper in his hand advanced into the middle of the area, and read the state's accusation of the king. After reading the first article, which related to the infamous life of Henry, he paused: a murmur ran through the assembly, that such a man had degraded himself from his monarchical rank.

The venerable archbishop of Toledo then slowly rose, in fullen dignity ascended the steps of the throne, and with a disdainful air tore the crown from the head of the image.

The officer in the area then resumed his reading; and at the end of the second article of these weighty charges again paused; when the Conde de Placentia hastily advanced, and snatched the sword from the side of the representative

representative of royalty. At the end of the third article the Conde de Benavente wrested the sceptre from its hand; and, at the close of the fourth, don Diego Lopes de Stuniga, with a furious air seized the image, and tumbled it headlong from the throne.

Universal plaudits rent the air; the trumpets and drums founded the liveliest and most exulting notes; and the general voice proclaimed don Alphonso, the brother of Henry, then about twelve years old, king of Castile and Leon.

Although this assembly had the sanction of don Carlos's presence, he had withheld from its decrees the suffrage of his voice, and with his friend took the first opportunity of withdrawing, and immediately set forwards to Salamanca, to which place the deposed monarch had retired.

The flatterers of his state, those summer insects who delight to bask in the sunshine of regal favour, had forsaken the obscured ray of Henry for the genial beam of the rising planet; and the noble Castilian found his master's court a solitude, and his weak mind sinking into despondence at the general de-

fection and the privation of his accustomed pleasures. But the incomparable Isabella, whom the libertinism of his prosperity had driven from him, had flown to him in the hour of his adversity; and, by the most amiable attentions and exertions, sought to support his spirits in this sad reverse of his fortune.

Most cordial was the reception which this unhappy prince gave to his visitants; for he felt the disinterested attachment of Osorio in the same proportion of pleasure, as he was wounded by the ungrateful dereliction of those on whom he had lavished riches and honours. It was the misfortune of Henry to possess an exquisite sensibility, unguarded by that firmness of soul which ought to have checked its excess. But ever a slave to the impulse of the moment, and his gentle and docile temper flexible to every direction of those who made it their study to engage his affections and interest his passions, he had become, by a foreign instigation, a character different from his original inclinations. Nature had made him warm, weak, inconstant;

habit

habit had rendered him extravagant, sensual, cruel.

Unable to guide himself in the present labyrinth of his affairs, he very properly submitted to the wise conduct of his sister, who, engaging Carlos and Calliades in her councils, together with Cabrea, a Castilian officer of approved merit and fidelity, who had married Leonora her favourite and confidant; by the joint efforts of this band of friends, conducted the affairs of Henry with such prudence, that every plan which the treacherous Villena laid to entrap the person of the king proved abortive, and by some jealousies, artfully sown, the same impatience of rivalry, which on the king's so highly favouring la Cueva, had impelled the ungrateful Villena to take up arms against his too-indulgent master, now operated in a contrary direction; and he beheld with such rancour the growing popularity of the archbishop of Toledo with the insurgents, that he made secret overtures of peace to Henry, promising to abandon Alphonso, and reseat him on the throne, if he would give the princess Isabella in marriage to Giron his brother, whom the king

ever heaping favours on the family, had made grand master of Calatrava.

This alluring offer, which comprehended a return of dignity, of adulation, and pleasure, was embraced by the king with transport; but did not meet with the like reception from Isabella. The whole house of Pacheco was justly hateful to her. "Can I (said she to her faithful Leonora), blot from my memory who it was that stirred up my brother in rebellion against the best of fathers, and brought his gray hairs down in sorrow to the grave? Or forget whose baleful influence contaminated the innocent mind of Henry, blasted every virtuous principle, filled his soul with vice, and his kingdom with disorder? Who first, fiend-like, betrayed his infatuated master into evil, and then lifted up his hand in punishment of that evil? It is impossible to bury in oblivion wrongs such as these; and shall I sacrifice the passion which my heart fondly entertains, reject Ferdinand and happiness, to reward that vile family for effecting the ruin of mine? Never, my Leonora."

Such

Such was the resolution of the closet, but which compassion shook, and a far nobler motive annihilated, when she saw her brother at her feet, his eyes streaming with tears, his bosom heaving with sighs; when he besought her to have pity on himself; when he adjured her by all that was dear and sacred to have mercy on his people, to spare the farther effusion of their blood, and restore peace and order to his distracted kingdoms.

“ Rise, my dearest brother, (she cried, a blush of conscious superiority heightening the natural vermeil of her cheek, a gleam of pleasure flashing through the tears which suffused her fine eyes). This posture distresses me; it is equally dishonourable to us both. Rise, you have restored me to myself. I consulted but the happiness of the individual, regardless of that of the public. Forgive my selfishness, and if the sacrifice of my felicity can stop the effusion of Christian blood, and give peace to warring nations, let mercy reign, and peace be restored—I will learn to extract my own happiness from that of others.”

“ Exalted woman! (whispered Calliades, who was witness of this scene, and knew that her heart had long entertained a passion for Ferdinand, son to the king of Arragon): Exalted woman! What true heroism!”

The intelligence of her consent was immediately forwarded to the marquis of Villena. Affairs were instantly put in the promised train, and Giron, exulting in his felicitous prospects, was preparing to meet his bride, when a fever, the consequence of eager exertions and perturbed hope, arrested his journey, and the grave became his nuptial couch.

Isabella did not appear to rejoice at this incident, and her brother deeply lamented it, for now the interest of Alphonso was again resumed by the insurgents with accumulated avidity; and all hope forsook the desponding king, whose hours were spent in womanish tears, and pitiful lamentations. He wearied all about him by his incessant complainings, and at length constrained his sister, who perceived her presence was of no use, to retire to some little distance from him into the country, in search of that quiet now
become

become absolutely necessary for the re-establishment of her health, which had been greatly injured by the conflicts of her mind.

But fate was preparing another revolution in Castile, by the sudden death of young Alphonso. When the news of this event reached Salamanca, the joy of Henry was *not* concealed, but resounded indecently through the royal apartments. It was however of short continuance; for he quickly learned that Isabella was become now the darling of the insurgents, who had proclaimed her the queen in Seville, and many other places, and estimating the principles of others by his own, he once more sunk into despair.

In a very few days a deputation, which consisted of some of the first people of the kingdom, from the Cortes, attended the princess in her retirement, to offer her the crown. She received them with all that dignified grace which exalted rank, a superior mind, and conscious worth, can confer on a young, a beautiful, and elegant woman.

Addressing

Addressing herself to the archbishop of Toledo, who was at the head of the deputation, "Your offer, most holy father, (she said) entitles you to my most fervent gratitude. It becomes not me to question your sacred right of crowning and uncrowning monarchs, and disposing at your pleasure of kingdoms; but I should evince myself unworthy your regal present, could I by its acceptance set at nought the precepts of religion, disregard the ties of blood, and trample upon the known and established laws of my country. I have a brother, my lords, (she added, gracefully looking round), an *elder* brother living, to whom I have sworn fealty; as also, I believe, have all this noble company. I dare not break *my* oath, my lords, and I beseech you to remember *yours*. This dear brother is by antient hereditary right, by the most solemn vows of individual attachment, your king, and mine. Misled by evil counsellors, impelled by the wild passions of licentious youth, he has hitherto, I confess, pursued a conduct not warranted by wisdom, not approved by prudence. But now, schooled by adversity, you will find
his

his mind purified, and his actions governed by new laws. Restore him again to your confidence, reinstate him in the throne of his ancestors, nominate for him counsellors of wisdom and integrity, and he will approve himself worthy your highest approbation. But whether this disinterested advice be taken or rejected, law, honour, religion, forbid Isabella to usurp the inheritance of her brother."

She ceased. Her voice, her manner, her understanding, her spirit, her high sense of honour and religion, fascinated her noble auditors. They listened even after she had ended, so sweetly dwelt the harmonious sounds on their ears. They looked on each other, and a murmur of applause ran from mouth to mouth, for they could not but admire a resolution, which at the same time they deplored.

" If, (said they, with one voice), Isabella, impelled by such noble motives, so firmly refuses the *immediate* possession of the crown, it becomes us to secure her the *succession* of it, and to guard her rights against the pretended claims of the bastard daughter of La Cueva;

Cueva; and we swear by the immaculate Virgin Mother, to reinstate Henry in the throne upon no other condition than his forsaking the interest of the pretended infanta, and acknowledging the princess Isabella as his heir."

To this Isabella could make no objection: Henry readily acceded to the proposal, and peace was once more restored to Castile and Leon.

CHAP. XVIII.

ON the restoration of peace, the queen and her daughter remaining at Seville, Henry and his court returned to Madrid; to which place all the nobility of the kingdom also repaired, to testify by their presence their satisfaction at the turn which public affairs had taken. And the king, modelling his conduct by the advice of his sister, confirmed them in the pleasing belief, that adversity had taught him wisdom.

Great rejoicings were made on the king's return; grand carousals were held, and the young knights and cavaliers greatly distinguished themselves by their magnificence and address at the jousts and tournaments. The running at the ring was conducted with peculiar splendour, and was held on the fourth day of the carousals.

The place for this diversion, as indeed for all the rest, was the great square of Madrid,
the

the balconies of the houses round which were most superbly adorned, lined and hung with the richest tapestry and velvets, and filled with ladies and grandees attired in the most costly and brilliant manner. In the centre balcony, which was lined with pearl-coloured satin, embroidered with natural flowers in festoons, and hung nearly level to the street with a rich Persian carpet, the ground of which was gold, shaded in compartments with various coloured silks, sat the king and the infanta Isabella, under a canopy of cloth of gold, fringed and tasselled with gold. Immediately beneath them was a magnificent scaffold erected, hung with crimson velvet fringed with gold, for the judges of the field, who were four aged grandees. Round the rest of the square, below the balconies, were scaffolds also erected for the innumerable spectators of the lower ranks. Opposite to the judges hung the ring, upon a pillar; a broad avenue to which was formed by a railing on each hand, painted and gilt.

The entrance to the streets from the square had slight barriers before them; and the marshal of the field, with two attendants, paraded

paraded round on horseback, to receive the knights as they arrived at the lists.

Soon after the king was seated, the loud sound of martial instruments was heard. The marshal advanced, and demanded the occasion. It was don Alvarez de Garcia, whom the king had appointed defendant of the ring. The marshal returned to inform himself of the will of the sovereign, and that of the judges. Permission was granted for his entrance, and the barrier opened.

Immediately twelve trumpeters entered on horseback, in cassocks of rose-coloured velvet, adorned with silver lace; their buskins and the caparisons of their horses the same. On their bonnets were large plumes of rose-coloured and white feathers.

Then followed don Alvarez mounted on a fiery barb, whose crupper and cloth harness were of cloth of silver, mixed with rose colour, adorned with rich embroidery highly embossed, with tassels of silk and silver hanging down on every side, and dancing to the proud wavings of the creature's head, a large plume of rose-coloured and white feathers

thers rose from a silver plate fastened on the forehead.

The vest, the short cloak, and the buskins of don Alvarez, were also of cloth of silver and rose colour. Upon each leg flamed a large brooch of oriental rubies; as also upon his shoulders, and at the shaft of the white plume which floated gracefully over his hat. Many also glittered on his rich belt, and the scabbard and hilt of his scimeter. He carried a silver lance enamelled with rose-colour in his right hand; and on his left arm hung a buckler of the same materials, upon which, highly embossed, was a crown of myrtle, and another of laurel, with this motto,—

‘ Who would attain the one, must merit first the other.’

Twelve slaves, attired as the trumpeters, walked behind Alvarez as his horse pranced round the lists; they carried little boxes covered with rose-coloured and silver tissue, out of which they delivered the challenge, wrote in letters of gold upon parchment; as also the conditions of the carousals.

The

The renewed sound of martial music announced the approach of the other knights. The same ceremonies were observed in their admission. They were eleven in number, all finely mounted, and their dress and ornaments nearly the same as those of Alvarez, colour excepted, which was various in all the knights. The musical instruments were also different in all. The challenge was given to them: they paraded round the lists, saluted respectfully the king and infanta, paid their compliments to the ladies and grandees, and to their own particular acquaintance; they then ranged themselves in order, six on each side the royal balcony.

Alvarez first, as defendant of the ring, advanced. He curbed his fiery steed to a slow pace up the avenue, and seemed to measure the height of the ring by his eye: then returning, and his horse curveting round, the trumpets gave the signal; he touched the creature with his spurs, flew like lightning to the pillar, and carried his lance with such skill and dexterity, that he bore away the ring. The like success attended him in the
second

second course, but not so in the third, for then he touched the ring only, without carrying it away. Two bearings and a contact was, however, thought no mean advantage by the judges.

The next knight advanced in like manner. Carried away the ring the first and second time, but was not near it the third.

The third knight was but once within the ring, and only touched it in his two other courses.

The fourth knight bore off the ring twice; but, by an awkwardness in carrying his lance, he both times dropt it, and in the third could not come in contact with it.

Hitherto Alvarez had continued incontestibly defendant and master of the field; but the fifth knight, which was don Carlos de Oforio, exactly paralleled his exploit, and, according to the laws of the carousal, both must run again their separate courses.

Carlos excelled his opponent in this second attempt, took his place as defendant of the ring, and maintained it against the sixth, seventh, and eighth knights; but the ninth knight being within the ring the third time,
though

though he failed carrying it off, don Carlos resigned his post of honour, which was assumed with great superciliousness by the conqueror.

This Calliades saw, and resented for his friend. He had obtained leave to appear among the knights at the carousal; had distinguished himself at the jousts and tournaments, though he had not acquired the laurel of victory. Adroit in every military exercise, he particularly excelled in the management of the horse, and the conduct of the lance. His conscious superiority therefore made him with transport view himself as the next knight in order, for he hoped to be the avenger of his friend.

He advanced mounted upon a mettled Andalusian courser, white as snow, and nimble as the wind; the creature caparisoned in purple satin, with silver ornaments, with a large purple feather waving to the motions of its head.

The vest and buskins of Calliades were purple satin, embroidered with silver. Instead of the Spanish short cloak, he wore a rich scarf of purple satin, wrought with silver

silver by the queen of Cyprus, who had presented it to him. It was fastened on his right shoulder by a knot of amethysts, descended across his breast and back, and was confined under the left arm by a rich embroidered belt. A knot of amethysts fastened the top of his buskins, and a cluster of the same gems adorned the shaft of that snowy plume which floated over his purple hat. The hilt of his scimeter and his lance were silver, enamelled with purple; as was also his shield, on which most beautifully portrayed, was Rumour trampling Truth under her feet, and Time, with expanded wings, flying to her rescue. The motto—

‘ Truth relies on thee.’

His fine person, his graceful air, the animation of his manner, in which the Grecian vivacity was very discernible, appeared to charm the spectators, as he curvetted his horse up the avenue and down, with that easy and seemingly natural management, which yet is the effect only of great skill.

Suddenly

Suddenly whirling round at the voice of the trumpet, he darted up the vista, and caught with easy grace the ring on the point of his lance. In the second course, and in the third, which no other had before done, he performed the same.

With infinite satisfaction he displaced the last supercilious defender of the ring from his post of honour; and the two remaining knights not paralleling the exploit, he was by the judges proclaimed conqueror, and received, as the meed of victory, from the hand of the infanta, a ring enchased with gems of great price; but which, in his eyes, received its value from the condescending grace with which it was presented.

The following day was appointed for a bull fight; which being a diversion peculiar to the Moors and the Spaniards, the Cypriot could be only a spectator.

The great square of Madrid was again the scene of action. The scaffolds and balconies decked and filled as before. Round which, for the safety of the spectators, and at a proper distance from the scaffolds, a strong

railing was placed ; but of so open a construction as not to intercept the view. In the middle of the square, as in the arena of an amphitheatre, the combat was held.

As soon as the assembly and the judges had taken their places, a thousand warlike instruments, Spanish and Moresco, called the combatants to action.

Twelve stately and fierce white bulls, their horns gilded, and their heads and sides adorned with flowers, tied with gold and silver ribbands, were led in, each by two slaves richly habited, and who held them by cords wove and tasselled with gold.

Then followed the combatants in magnificent but light dresses, with each a slender long-headed pike in his right hand, and on his left arm his shield, on which was inscribed his peculiar device and motto.

All the knights exhibited such daringness, such skill, and activity, that the judges declared it was with the utmost difficulty they could decide who ought to receive the guerdon of superior merit. The balance, however, inclined to the side of don Carlos, who

was

was crowned with laurel by the fair hand of the infanta.

These caroufals ended the following day with a grand ballet or masque; which, as it was said to include in it the great outline of the popular history of Spain, and was composed by a person of eminent station, excited general and high-raised expectation.

The masque was exhibited in an immense hall of the palace, and nothing can be conceived more charming than the scene which presented itself to the royal and noble audience, and which was intended to exhibit the kingdom of Spain.

On the left hand, for the spectators were supposed with their backs to Portugal, mountains piled on mountains heaved their craggy summits; over which, in letters of gold, was written, 'ASTURIA, BISCAY, NAVARRE.' On the other side, most admirably depicted, the Mediterranean rolled its unquiet wave. In the front of the stage was represented a great and thick forest, pierced in paths, and opening in glades: the luxuriant foliage, and deep umbrage of which were so well imitated,

that the delighted spectators were not only charmed as by a real verdure, but felt as if refreshed by its pleasing shade, and cooled by the little rills which glittered through the trees.

In a large glade was seen seated, and his numerous offspring round him, Tubal the Fifth, son of Japhet, by whom Spain was said to be peopled. The patriarchal king, tall, graceful, full of years, yet not bending under them, his silver beard descending to his girdle, his venerable head bound with a holy fillet, rose; his offspring in pairs, male and female, rose also. He advanced to the middle of the stage, built, with the assistance of his sons, an altar, with some scattered pieces of marble. He heaped incense thereon of sweet gums, and as the rich perfume ascended in smoky volumes of pleasing fragrance, with hands and eyes uplifted, walking with slow and measured steps round the altar, he chanted a grateful hymn to God the Creator, to God the Preserver and Saviour of his fire, from the wide destroying, the overwhelming flood; striking at the same
time,

time, in unison with the solemn cadence of his voice, a rude instrument of brass which he held in his hand. His children followed him in this religious dance, all with eyes that spoke devotion, with lips chanting the same sacred lay, and with their uncouth instruments swelling the artless harmony.

The forest and its glades were next filled with shepherds and shepherdesses simply attired, yet not wholly unornamented, for the mutual desire of pleasing soon taught both sexes the adornment of their persons: the heads of the shepherds were crowned with myrtle, the shepherdesses with flowers; and as the rich mines of the country were early discovered, their crooks and their scrips were of gold. Behind them grazed the peaceful flock, guarded by the faithful dogs. Under a spreading oak sat a swain, touching his guitar in wild and rustic melody, and accompanying it with a song on the charms of his absent mistress; the unmeasured lay pouring forth the natural effusions of a warm and tender heart. While, not far distant, a lively group were hand in hand, gaily beating the ground in sprightly dance.

In the midst of this jollity a wolf is seen stealing from the mountains, and snatching a lamb from the fold. The bayings of the dogs give notice of the theft. All is confusion and uproar. Dogs, men, and women, unite in the pursuit. The caitiff is taken by the most active pursuer. The glorious victor is crowned with laurel; he is placed in the midst of his companions, who dance triumphantly round him, singing the valiant exploit, and exulting in the destruction of the common enemy.

But now a more potent enemy is seen descending from the mountains—an armed Roman band. Affrighted, the shepherdesses fly; the shepherds dispute the ground. Unequal contest! Quickly subjugated, the victors with eager eyes view their golden crooks and scrips, and drive out the unfortunate shepherds in search of the precious metal. They sit down to feast, and constrain the reluctant natives to attend them as slaves.

Suddenly St. James appears, carrying a large crucifix; to which, by his gestures, he labours to direct the attention of both victors and vanquished. The natives listen to him
attentively,

attentively, the Romans treat him with contumacy, and endeavour to push him from the stage. The apostle appears discouraged, fainting, and upon the point of quitting the scene, when a Moorish-complected image of the Virgin Mary descends from Heaven, speaks to him in the most encouraging and inspiriting manner, promises to assist him in his mission, declares she will undertake the guardianship of the kingdom of Spain, and that she will never remove from Saragossa so long as the world endures. The saint recovers, renews his labours with such energy that all are induced to bow before the crucifix. He disappears, but the cross remains fixed, and the image is placed upon a pillar of marble beside it. (The Neuftra Senora del Pillar in the cathedral of Saragossa).

Next approach from the mountains the nations of the north, of fierce countenance and uncouth habit. They attack the Romans. The contest is long and furious; each advances and recedes in turn, beating their scimeters against each others bucklers, in rude unison with the brazen drums and hoarse sounding trumpets. The

Romans at length give way. They are driven off the stage.

The shepherds and shepherdesses return; they point the attention of these new invaders to the crucifix, who after some hesitation bow before it, and then caress the shepherds as companions and friends.

The bugle-horn now summons them to the chase. Each snatches his shield and spear, throws over his shoulders his horn hanging to a rude scarf, sounds it in sonorous unison, and calling his dog, enters the forest as in search of game. They are seen at intervals; at intervals also the bugle-horn, the cry of the dogs, and the cheering voices of the hunters are heard.

A hollow grotto is discovered in one of the mountains, out of which springs, with agile steps, the nymph Echo, cloathed in azure, and light as the air, which by its repercussion gives her being. In a heavenly voice she repeats the wild music of the chase; the repetitions growing every moment more quick and animated as the hunters approach. The horn now sounds in triumph, the hunters pour in full chorus upon the stage, the
sweet

sweet voice of Echo can no longer be distinguished, and she flies to her grotto. The victor bears on his spear the head of an enormous wild boar: a pyrrhic dance commences, wherein are exhibited all the activity and passions of war.

The personages of the drama are now entirely changed. A monarch, (Roderick) of haughty mein, appears with his courtiers and many ladies. One of them (Florinda) dances a faraband, with all the graces, all the bewitching softness of that interesting and dangerous dance; where, under a delicate, yet transparent veil, the loosest passions are discernable, and too frequently become contagious.

The king appears enamoured, and as she retires from the dance seizes her. A venerable man, (Count Julian) hastens to her assistance; but in vain are his efforts, she is carried off, and the courtly train follow.

The enraged father stamps furiously on the ground, and tears his silver hair. Then, starting as if invaded by some sudden thought, he beckons to the sea. It is instantly covered

vered with ships, which approach the shore, and men in Moorish habits jump from on board, one of them bearing the standard of Mahomet.

The father points to the retreat of the king. They go off. The sound of warlike Moreſco instruments and a clashing of arms is heard. The muſic changes to notes of triumph; the Moors re-enter with the king in chains, and with the lady, whom they reſtore to her father.

A quarrel now ſeems to ariſe between the Moors and their inviter: a battle enſues, in which he and his daughter are ſlain. The croſs and the image are pulled down, and the ſtandard of Mahomet erected in their place. The Spaniards are driven in multitudes croſs the ſtage, and they fly for refuge to the mountains of Auſturia and Biſcay. Then follows a triumphal Moorish dance, to the ſound of Moreſco instruments.

The Spaniards are now ſeen coming down from the mountains. They attack the Moors, and are driven back. The attack is renewed with more ſucceſs. The Moors are
by

by degrees dispossessed of the glades, and forced to take refuge in a distant corner of the stage, next the sea, which has over it, written in golden letters, 'GRANADA.' The Mahometan standard is pulled down, the cross and image reinstated, and the masque concludes with a grand dance.

CHAP. XIX.

AFTER these public caroufals were ended, many of the nobility gave entertainments at their palaces; among which was a grand tournament by the marquis of Villena, where Calliades had the misfortune to lose his friend Carlos de Oforio, that amiable young nobleman being ran into the eye by a lance, and the weapon piercing from thence to his brain, occasioned his instant death. Whether this fatal blow was the effect of accident or design it was impossible to ascertain: his antagonist declared it was the former, and appeared to lament his own ill fortune; but as they were known to be rivals in love, the majority of the spectators suspected it to be the latter.

So generally confessed were the merits of Oforio, that all lamented his untimely fate; but no one felt more real affliction than Calliades, who, inconsolable at the sad event, and disgusted at every object which had before

fore given him pleasure, pretended to have received dispatches from France which required his immediate presence in that kingdom, and obtaining passports for his safe conduct from the king, and, taking his leave, departed, though Henry, charmed with his person and manners, made some efforts to detain him in Castile, and offered him a place of great emolument near his own person.

A few days before Calliades left Madrid, the wretched Greek whom he had relieved in Portugal presented himself, claiming his promise of receiving him into his service; and immediate orders were given for his equipment for the journey. The train of our Cypriot was neither numerous nor magnificent, for it consisted but of this new servant, who called himself Timotheus, another who had accompanied him from France, and a muletier for a guide, who came from Bilboa, and was returning thither: the whole party mounted on mules, Timotheus carrying the armour of his master, Dupleffis having charge of the other baggage, and the muletier of the provisions, among which he took especial care
a capacious

a capacious *barracho* filled with good wine should not be omitted.

As Calliades was not obliged to use expedition on his journey, and paid his guide generously for his time, he travelled entirely at his leisure, taking the morning and evening only, and reposing during the heat of mid-day; making what excursions he thought proper from the line of his road to view the country, converse with its inhabitants, and learn their various manners and customs.

The country, however, afforded but little variety till they ascended the Sierra Molina, a chain of rugged mountains which divide the two Castiles, in whose uncouth shapes and rocky summits he found more entertainment than in the uninteresting sameness of the plains.

At Aranda he stopped a few days, as well to view the town as to rest his attendants, recruit his impaired stock of provisions, and replenish his lank *barracho*, which had been much reduced from its rotundity by the too frequent applications of the muletier, and indeed of Dupleffis, who had evinced himself much fonder of wine than was consistent with

his

his duty to his master. But his every deficiency was so amply supplied by the sedulous attention of Timotheus, whose intelligent vigilance was ever on the watch to anticipate the minutest want, that Calliades deemed himself peculiarly fortunate in the acquirement of so useful and assiduous an attendant.

By the laming of the guide's mule in the stony and precipitous road from Aranda to Lerma, our Cypriot and his suite were constrained to reside some days in a sorry venta, or solitary lodging house, situated in a deep valley, encircled by high and rocky mountains; and Calliades passed the hours of this impediment to his journey with much satisfaction to himself in climbing the craggy cliffs, exploring the deep-sequestered vales, tracing the torrents to their snowy sources; or, seated on the ærial heights, contemplating the bold scenery, amused with the gambols of the chamois leaping from rock to rock, listening to the cries of alarm which the marmots gave to their tribes, and enjoying the wantonness of wild, uncultivated nature, which he sketched with the bold pencil of an artist upon his tablets.

So

So delighted was he with these rambles, that he one morning took some provisions with him, determining to devote the whole day to them, departed from the valley by a way he had never before attempted : it was by a path formed by the goats up the side of a mountain apparently inaccessible from its rocky steepness. After winding along its base by a path by no means dangerous, till he was out of sight of the valley where the venta was situated, Calliades found himself at the mouth of a deep fissure, which had every appearance of being produced by an earthquake's rending asunder the solid rock. It was sufficiently wide for him to walk in, and he entered it impelled by curiosity, and without fear, when he perceived by a path worn between those shrubs, whose luxuriant vegetation would otherwise have filled up the chasm, that the goats were perfectly acquainted with it.

The fissure he found wider as he advanced : it pierced through the whole mountain, and opened into a deep valley, or rather, from its smallness, what might be more properly called a dell, surrounded on all sides by the inaccessible

inaccessible heights of lofty mountains, but those mountains so deranged in their forms, as he imagined by the same earthquake which had torn asunder the one through which he passed, that they presented to his astonished eye the most tremendous and awful scenery, a chaos of stupendous ruin, and rock confusedly piled on rock, left immense caverns where the various tribes of goats, and other harmless inhabitants of the mountains, lodged in crouds, and reared their young ones without fear of molestation, for no human foot had probably ever before trod these recesses.

Soon wearied of a place which could afford but little pleasure after the first astonished view, Calliades quitted it, and continuing his ramble amidst the mountains, deep embosomed in the most lofty of them he discovered another dell; and its sequestered scenery, beautiful as the other had been tremendous, determined him, as the day was far spent, and he felt himself fatigued, there to rest himself and take his simple repast.

The scenery of this little valley was indeed beyond description charming; scarcely could the pencil of Calliades do it justice, when,
after

after the refreshment which his homely viands afforded, he attempted to sketch it : then taking a Homer from his bosom, which was ever the companion of his travels, he forgot his own wanderings in those of Ulysses, till the chill which stole over him, when the broad western mountain cast its deep shade as the sun sunk behind it, reminded him it was time to return to the venta.

A Spanish venta, or posado—for their only difference is, that the one stands on some solitary spot, the other in a town or village—has undergone few alterations since the days of Calliades; and modern travellers find both places of accommodation in the close of the eighteenth, as our Cypriot did in the middle of the fifteenth century, to consist of only one large filthy room, with the fire-place in the middle, over which an aperture in the roof serves for the double purpose of window and chimney, for through it a dim light does sometimes enter, and out of it the smoke may, if it pleases, retreat, and which it sometimes does, after having half suffocated and half blinded those who are not habituated to the footy effluvia.

Round

Round this fire, which dresses the provisions of the household, on benches or stools sit the host, his family, and his guests promiscuously; the stately don and the mule driver, the master and his slave, the posado, like death, levelling all distinctions; and here also is the general place of repose, where each makes his couch of the skins of beasts, or of moss or straw, or lays his weary head upon the bare earth, as he is provided or suits his inclination.

Encircling this general fire-place—for the evening was far advanced, and was uncommonly cool for the season—Calliades found not only the usual party, but also an addition of five new guests. He had been frequently warned to be guarded against the mountain banditti in his journey, and upon viewing the faces of four of these strangers he, without hesitation, concluded them of that fraternity, for brutal ill humour gloomed over the coarse features of the first he beheld; ferociousness and cruelty glared in the red eyeballs of the second; suspicion and jealousy squinted under the bushy brows and wrinkled forehead of the third; drunkenness and beastly sensuality

suality marked the countenance of the fourth; the fifth appeared by his size quite a youth; he leaned disconsolately his head on his hand, which had hitherto effectually concealed his face.

Calliades soon perceived himself as much the object of attention to the strangers as they had been to him, and saw that after a minute scrutiny they looked significantly at each other, and huddled more closely round their young companion, whom they had contrived to place in the midst of them. The movement, slight as it was, corroborated his first ideas of them, and convinced him they were engaged in some vile enterprise, though of what nature it was impossible for him to perceive. His observation of them became unremitting, without appearing to be so; and he anxiously watched for a glimpse of the countenance of their companion.

Supper by this time prepared, was set before the whole party. "Come, Francisco, eat," said surlily the first of the strangers. Francisco raised his head from his hand to look on the viands, but either from disgust or want of appetite resumed his posture in silence:

silence : he had, however, afforded Calliades an opportunity of seeing that his face was extremely handsome, though its features were evidently swelled with grief.

More interested now in circumventing these ruffians in their dark schemes, our Cypriot, who possessed the powers of entertainment to a superlative degree, this evening peculiarly exerted himself : he sung jovial songs, recited humorous tales, and kept the whole circle in a perpetual roar of obstreperous mirth and extravagant applause, except Francisco, who never changed his disconsolate posture, and of whom Calliades took no other notice than now and then to ridicule his stupidity : in the interim he pushed the cup briskly round, exhorting his companions to drink and be merry, and promising to discharge every maravedes of the reckoning.

His exhortations were by no means disregarded, nor his promise heard with indifference. The new-comers swore he was the most gallant cavalier in the two Castiles ; and the wine was swallowed with such avidity by the whole party, that all, not excepting the females of the mansion, nor the attendants of
Calliades,

Calliades, were in a very few hours tumbled on the floor, or reposing on the benches, each giving evident tokens of drunken insensibility.

Perceiving now that all were safe, "Francisco," said Calliades in the gentlest accent. Francisco raised his head, and looked round with disgust. — "These men, (said the Cypriot) whom I had a presentiment were thine enemies, are now incapable of mischief — Tell me, can I assist thee?"

The youth cast on him a scrutinising eye. The countenance of our hero was not formed to repel confidence; and he was immediately informed that the person before him was a female, the wife of don Manuel de Ribera, and had been torn from her house in Valladolid, in the absence of her husband, by these men, who were the adherents of an Arrogonian nobleman, who had long persecuted her with his love, and to whose castle on the confines of the kingdom she found they were carrying her.

Calliades looked on the detestable instruments of this scheme of violence — he half drew his sword from its scabbard — but they
were

were sleeping, and his heart, dauntless at the attacks of the fiercest armed enemy, shrank with horror at the idea of shedding the blood of a defenceless one. “ No, (said he) we will not descend to murder. Permit me, lady, to conduct you to a place where I will pledge my life for your safety, till I can plan some method of conveying you to your husband — But hasten, we have not a moment to lose.”

He seized her hand, and, drawing it under his arm, led her out of the venta. It was midnight ; but a cloudless moon looking full orb'd over the valley gave very sufficient light for their peregrination, and Calliades conducted his fair companion by the same path he had taken the preceding day, assisting her up its first acclivities, preceding her through the fissure, and leading her to a very commodious cavern which he had remarked unoccupied by the goats ; where, informing her with what harmless inhabitants the dell abounded, and promising to see her again the first moment he could break away without suspicion, he took his leave, regained the venta before any one was awake, and laying himself

himself as commodiously as he could, he in a few minutes fell into such a profound sleep that he did not witness the first alarm which the loss of donna Francisca occasioned her ruffian guardians, and was awakened at last by their clamours and curses.

He affected infinite surprise when they informed him of her absence; observed it was impossible she could be far distant; sedulously assisted them in searching the valley, and all the openings of the mountains; and then suggesting the idea of her being returned to Valladolid, advised the immediate pursuit of her that road, insisting, that as they were well mounted, and she on foot, if they were expeditious, they must soon overtake her; and the plausible advice was immediately followed.

Soon after they were out of sight Calliades signified his intention of spending this day as he had done the preceding, in exploring the mountains, and put up some provisions for his refreshment, which, as he had so done the day before, gave suspicion to no one but Timotheus, who possessed all the cunning of the Grecian character. He had seen his
master

master the preceding evening conduct himself very contrary to his usual manner, for his behaviour to strangers was generally reserved; and though perfectly affable and good-humoured to his inferiors, never blended with familiarity. His conviviality, therefore, in such a place, and in such a party, had been matter of great wonder to the Greek before his senses were overpowered by the wine; but in the morning, when the young stranger was missed, and the russians had in their confusion confessed she was a woman, the whole truth darted upon him; in which he was confirmed when Calliades, notwithstanding the lame mule was sufficiently recovered for travelling, was again set out on his eccentric wandering, with a large portion of provisions for the day. Impelled by curiosity, he offered his attendance, but was not surprised at its being rejected.

Calliades found the fair one extremely dejected. He spread before her his rustic fare, but found it difficult to persuade her to take any of it, and his efforts to enliven her spirits were entirely ineffectual. He perceived that his attentions embarrassed her,

and that she looked upon him with an apprehensive eye. Experiencing, as she had so recently done, the treachery of mankind, knowing herself in this lonely spot secluded from all the world, entirely in his power, he did not wonder at her fears, but he endeavoured, by the respectful distance of his manner, to dissipate them, and by a lively conversation to reassure her mind. He had, however, the mortification of seeing that he wearied instead of amusing; and dreading lest the effusions of humanity should be farther misunderstood, he took his reluctant leave, promising to concert some plan in a few hours for restoring her to her family.

Vexed at this evident want of confidence in his honour, the mind of Calliades was not in perfect unison with the solitude of the mountains; yet not knowing how otherwise to dispose of himself, he continued walking and musing; when, being upon a height which overlooked the road to Valladolid, he saw a man of a very graceful appearance mounted on a mule, riding in a melancholy manner in the path, while several attendants seemed scattered on each side, as if searching for

for something, and readily imagining this might concern the lady, Calliades descended and went towards them. He was not deceived, for the moment he shewed himself the graceful stranger rode towards him, and, describing donna Francisca in her male attire, demanded of the Cypriot if he had seen such a person, whom he declared was his wife, torn from him by a villain for the most dishonourable purposes, and entreated, if he had seen her, in pity to ease his agonised soul by the information.

“ I should be most happy so to do, (Calliades replied, eying him suspiciously): but if you are don Manuel de Ribera, how came you so soon acquainted of her carrying off and escape? The men from whom she fled have left this place but a few hours; and I understood you were absent from Valladolid when she was carried thence.”

“ It is true, Signior, and I but last night returned from Madrid, (he replied) where my duty to my sovereign called me, when I found my domestics in the utmost consternation at the loss of their mistress, who, they informed me, was seized and carried off as

He was walking on a terrace at the end of my garden with only a few attendants. I was at no loss to divine the instigator of this infernal action; but immediately collecting my servants, and arming them, I took the road to Arragon. This morning I met four men, one of whom I knew had been before employed by the man I suspected. We surrounded them, and soon found means to oblige them to confess the circumstances of the business. I sent them prisoners to Valladolid, and proceeded hither with the remainder of my servants; and I now flatter myself, by your cautious questions, that you, Signior, are the good angel who have rescued my treasure from the spoiler."

"I slept in the same venta with her ravishers last night, and witnessed their confusion at her loss this morning, (said Calliades with a smile); but as I cannot imagine her delicate limbs could carry her to any great distance, if you will unite your search with mine amidst these mountains, I have a presentiment we shall not be unsuccessful: but I must request you will send your attendants to the venta in the valley."

"Ah!

“ Ah! (exclaimed the Castilian) how blessed am I so soon to meet my good genius! — Lead on, I would follow you to the utmost extremity of the earth — nay, like Orpheus, I would explore the infernal regions to find my wife.”

“ You are the most gallant husband I have heard of since the days of the old bard, (said Calliades); but I flatter myself your affection and courage will not be put to so severe a test. — Order your servants to the valley.”

He did so. Our hero then informed don Manuel, as they strode hastily towards the dell, of the transactions of the evening, and the safety of Francisca. — “ And you have spent the day with her? (said the Castilian in an accent which indicated an internal perturbation, a deep blush suffusing his cheek.) — “ The day has but half run its course, (answered Calliades) and here you find me. It happened to me that the lady preferred solitude to my company, and I would not intrude upon her what was disagreeable.”

“ How much are we both indebted to you, Sir Knight! (said the Castilian, grasping the
N 3
hand

hand of his new friend); a life will be too short to express our gratitude."

Their rapid steps soon brought them to the entrance of the dell, in which at a little distance they saw Francisca walking. She started at the sight of two men, but instantly recognised her husband, and the next moment they were in each others arms.

I shall not attempt to describe their rapture, or recite their acknowledgements of gratitude to Calliades, whose feeling mind was sensible to nearly equal transport with themselves at the interview; nor could he resist their importunities to spend some days with them at Valladolid.

CHAP. XX.

SEVERAL days winged pleasingly their flight over the head of Calliades. Don Manuel introduced him to the principal people in Valladolid, who receiving him at first with complacency on account of his friend, were soon taught by his eminent merit and shining accomplishments to respect and love him. So great was the confidence of his host in his honour, that, though possessed of the utmost amplitude of Spanish jealousy, he suffered the Cypriot to conduct his wife to the houses of her female acquaintance, whilst he busied himself in his vineyards and gardens, in the cultivation and improvement of which he took great delight.

Don Manuel having understood that Timotheus was well versed in the peculiar culture of the vine, and knowing that the Greek wines were held in the first estimation, was desirous of profiting by his instructions, and

took him into a small vineyard near his garden, which was planted with some particularly fine and scarce vines, that he might shew him the best method of pruning and managing them.

While Timotheus was trimming the luxuriant plants, and the Castilian looking on, "Your master (said the latter), must have left his native island of Cyprus very early in life."

"Not, my lord, till he came to man's estate."

"Why, I understand he has left it some years, and he appears still very young."

"He had at least, if not at the age, arrived at all the ambitious wishes of manhood, or he would not have been *constrained* to leave it."

"*Constrained* do you say? I have always understood he accompanied the queen from an attachment to her."

Timotheus looked with a smile in the face of don Manuel, and, after a moment's pause, answered, "Probably that was *one* reason. The queen is a lady to whom any man may be *attached*."

"I un-

" I understand you (said the Castilian, answering the smile with another), your master is handsome, and your queen a ——— woman."

" Many ladies have thought my master handsome, and I have observed he is generally disposed to push his good fortune to the utmost."

A deep blush overspread the face of don Manuel; he paused some considerable time, and then resumed the conversation. " But if your master had *other* reasons, why did he not with equal frankness inform me of them?"

" Ah! my lord, there are little circumstances in some men's lives which they would feel great reluctance to communicate."

" That must be, because they are of a dishonourable nature."

" True, my lord. Yet my master can extremely well varnish over his tale, so that I wonder he did *not* tell it."

" Perhaps you will tell it for him."

" I have no skill in varnishing."

" I would rather hear it simply as it is."

“ I should be sorry to injure him in the opinion of so noble a gentleman; for whatever may be his conduct to others, to *me* he has been peculiarly kind.”

“ You have excited my curiosity to an irrepressible degree. Will this induce you to gratify it?” offering him some gold.

“ No, my lord. I will not *sell* my secret. I am an honest man, though a poor one; and it is that honesty which wrings my heart, when I see unsuspecting honour duped by artful villany.”

A deeper glow crimsoned the face of Ribera. “ I conjure thee, (he passionately cried), by every thing sacred, to tell me all thou knowest—my happiness, my honour demand it.”

“ Will you swear, that upon no provocation, not a syllable of my information shall pass your lips to any one upon earth, particularly my master?”

Don Manuel swore in the most solemn manner; and Timotheus told him much such a tale, as in the beginning of this history Lico recited to Euryclea. When it was ended, the Castilian seemed gasping for breath,

breath, which, as soon as he recovered, he again exhausted in a torrent of exclamations of surprise, horror, and rage. "And this infernal wretch (he added) is now with my wife—*yet he saved her.*"

The Greek smiled diabolically. "Yes, my lord, he saved her. That is (added he, hesitatingly), he soon discovered she was a woman, and a beautiful one."

"Death and furies!—Thou dost not think!—"

"Ah! no, my lord, I *cannot* think—for donna Francisca is a lady of the most delicate modesty. Besides, when he left us all sleeping, and conducted her at midnight to that lonely cell I have heard you mention, he certainly was back before we awoke in the morning; so that his time with her *then* could be but a few hours only, and your lordship knows yourself that he left her the next day *before noon.*"

"Distraction! (cried the frantic don Manuel, throwing himself in a phrensy of rage on the ground, from which all the arguments of Timotheus could not for a long time raise him).—"Is *this* (he said) the way, my lord, to

keep my secret, and your own vow? Must my simple honesty, my indignation to see your noble nature rendered the stalking horse of vice, bring down ruin on me? Were I you, instead of indulging impotent anger, I should be studying glorious revenge."

"I will this moment challenge him to the field."

"Upon what pretence? You will either appear guilty of a breach of hospitality, or publish the injury your honour has sustained to the world, which is always more ready to ridicule than commiserate the sufferer."

"How *should* I act?"

"In Italy, the husband would clear his countenance, receive his wife and her gallant with a smile, and by a little salutary powder, or the point of his trusty filetto, quietly revenge his wrongs, without disturbing the public with them."

"It is a revenge unworthy a Castilian."

"Pardon me, my lord, if I say, the Castilian is extremely irrational, not to say unjust, who gives the offending villain an opportunity of compleating his wickedness by killing the injured honourable man."

The

The appearance of a servant put an end for the present to the conversation. Ribera withdrew to his chamber, under pretence of illness, and Calliades and donna Francisca soon after returned from their visit. The lady, on hearing of her husband's indisposition, immediately flew up stairs. His laconic answers, delivered in the most morose tones, to her tender inquiries, alarmed, as well as afflicted her. She would have sent for a physician, but that he peremptorily forbade. Imputing the oddity of his manner to distemper, she would not leave him, notwithstanding his repulsive behaviour, but sat weeping by his bed side. "Go, madam, (said he), your paramour will wonder at your stay." She touched his hand, which he instantly snatched from her. "Alas! (said she), how he burns!—Ah! why will you not have a physician? Yet go to our noble guest, (added she to an attendant), and tell him I entreat he will excuse my absence, for don Manuel is so ill, I would not leave him for worlds."

Calliades expressed his utmost concern when he received the message. He ate his solitary supper. He walked into the garden

to

to inhale the fragrance of its dewy flowers, and listen to the distant warblings of the bird of eve, and then ascending to his chamber, which had, by a back staircase, a communication with the garden, he laid himself down, and enjoyed that quietude of repose, which the perturbations of guilt and jealousy had denied those who were so causelessly his enemies.

Neither don Manuel nor his amiable comfort were visible all the next day. For though the moroseness of the Castilian had driven Francisca from his apartment, she sat weeping in an adjoining chamber, and had signified to their guest, by a message, her incapacity for company or conversation. The Cypriot therefore improved that opportunity by taking a more accurate view of Valladolid and its environs, than he had hitherto obtained. He dined with one nobleman, and supped with another, with whom the hours flew with such pleasing rapidity, that it was late ere he entered the mansion of don Manuel. He made particular inquiries into the state of his noble host, was informed he was something better, though incapable of leaving

ing his chamber, and that the extreme grief of donna Francisca had rendered her ill also.

Calliades expressed unfeigned sorrow at this intelligence ; he sent the most tenderly respectful messages to both, and then taking a taper ascended to his own apartment. Timotheus appeared, and inquired if his master wanted any thing. " No, my good Timotheus, (he answered, throwing himself into a chair against an open window); no, I have not occasion for thy attendance to night. I shall sit here a short time to cool myself, and then to bed—do thou the same. Farewel, my ever-obliging friend, heaven guard thee."

But falling into a train of thought, and revolving with deep attention some conversation which had passed in the day upon philosophical subjects, the time passed unheeded by our Cypriot, till, starting from his reverie, he recollected some hours had flown. He rose, approached the window to shut it, with an intention of going immediately to bed ; but, in that moment, a gale of perfume, wafted from a cluster of intermingled orange and jessamine below, met his delighted sense : whilst two nightingales, stationed

tioned near, filled the air with their melodious responses; the moon, in its last quarter, just displayed its then silvery crescent above the grove, whilst the pure azure concave flamed with living gems, in superior brilliancy for the diminished beams of the queen of night.

The scene was too exquisitely charming to be soon quitted, and after gazing some time at the window, Calliades, finding in himself no propensity to sleep, determined to go down into the garden, and enjoy it there. He opened the door cautiously, lest he should disturb the family; and lightly stepped forwards till he reached the head of the stairs, which were winding, and led into a passage in which were two doors; one of them opened into the garden, the other conducted to the offices of the house.

Our Cypriot had not gone three steps down the stairs, when he discerned a glimmering of light at the extremity of the winding, and heard the soft tread of some slow and cautious steps ascending towards him. He started lightly back. "Some robbers, (said he to himself), without doubt, But I will defend

send my good friends from their depredations." He regained his chamber, drew his sword, and flew again to the door, where three men, of most infernal countenances, that moment were on the point of entering.

"Ah! awake?" (exclaimed, in a depressed voice, the foremost). "I am, (answered Calliades in a tone of firmness), and prepared to meet you. What is your business?" "*Death!*" replied in a terrible voice the ruffian; in the same instant making a lunge with his sword at Calliades, who parried the thrust, and then ran him through the lungs. The wretch staggered a few paces backward, and then fell down dead. The next advanced, and met the same fate; for these miserable creatures, adroit in taking away the life of a defenceless person, possess little skill in equal and just combat; and the situation of Calliades in the door prevented his being attacked by more than one at a time.

The last advanced in all the fury of revenge for his vanquished companions; but though abundantly more skilful than the others, his rage gave the calm dexterity of
our

our Cypriot such advantages, that after receiving several severe wounds, he was disarmed, dragged by Calliades into his room, and bade to declare who had employed him in this diabolical business. But the villain, instead of answering, drew suddenly a stiletto, and aimed a blow at the victor's breast; whose quick eye and hand eluded a stroke, which otherwise must have been fatal, and again disarmed him.

Weakened at length with loss of blood, the fierceness of his spirit subsided. He grew faint, he thought himself dying, remorse for his past crimes seized him, and he bemoaned himself in terms which chilled Calliades with horror. He now no longer refused to name his employer. But what was the astonishment of our Cypriot, to hear it was don Manuel! "Impossible! (he cried), his noble nature would disdain such treachery." "Alas! (said the poor feeble wretch), it would avail me little to deceive thee in such an hour as this."

"What could impel him to so base an action?"

By

“ By some words unguardedly dropt, I am assured it was jealousy——he fears thee with his wife.” Calliades started. “ Tell me, (said he), did thy murderous commission reach to *her* ?” “ No, (he replied) ; that vengeance he probably reserves for his own hand.” “ My God! (exclaimed the agitated Cypriot). But thou bleedest poor wretch; miserable instrument of the diabolical humours of others!—Let me bind up thy wounds, that in some future period thou mayest have strength to urge thy stiletto to my heart.—Father of Mercy! afford me strength of mind to act justly and compassionate to those who need my assistance, though the most detestable ingratitude is their only return.”

Not having any other linen for the purpose, Calliades tore the sheets in pieces, bound with them the wounds of the assassin, and with the compassionate tenderness of a brother laid him upon his own bed. He once more threw himself into the chair, his heart oppressed more with grief than agitated by resentment, and that not for himself, but donna Francisca, whose domestic happiness he perceived fatally wounded.

‘ Is

“ Is it possible ? (said he, casting his mental eye in retrospective view on the past hours)—*Can* it be that my conduct should so far falsify my heart, as to give reason for such suspicions ?—No ; my conscience acquits me—I have not worn the semblance of a passion I did not feel, nor criminally sported with another’s affections, when my own were untouched——far be such treachery ever from me ! But the manners of nations are dissimular : the Spaniards are cold and grave ; perhaps I might express the respectful, the fraternal tenderness I felt for this amiable woman with too much vivacity, and her gratitude to me might wear a softer aspect than was consistent with the national reserve, of which I, habituated to greater freedom, was unconscious——It must be so. I pity thee, don Manuel, for what pang can equal the tearing from us those dear objects, which are entwined round our heart, and interwoven by its firmest fibres ? What action so atrocious, as alienating from us those affections that are necessary to our existence ; on whose tenderness our happiness is built ; in whose smiles is our only felicity !—On my
soul

soul I pity thee, don Manuel, if these were thy ideas of me ; nor wonder at thy resentment, though I detest the mode of thy revenge. I will make one effort to restore thee to thyself, and to happiness, and then bid thee adieu for ever ! ”

Day never seemed so tardy in its approaches. Calliades traversed his apartment: he leaned out of the window, but the objects afforded delight no longer ; he inhaled the dewy fragrance of the orange grove without pleasure, nor had the blush of morning stealing over the sky any charms ; he saw nothing but the despairing consort of Ribera, execrating the hour of his accompanying them to Valladolid, and writhing in the agonies of death—the idea was insupportable : again he traversed the chamber with hurried steps—threw himself into the chair—started thence—opened the door with an intention of going down into the garden, close before it lay the two dead ruffians weltering in their blood, whilst a deep groan from their companion smote his ear—he hastily shut the door, and walked to the window—still the same sad images pursued him ; and insensible to the
 varying

varying beauties of the approaching day, the stars faded, the east impurpled, the sun burst forth in all its splendour unseen ; whilst the shrill lark ascending fluttering to heaven with her matin song, and joined in the grateful lay by the humbler songsters of the grove, warbled unheard. Yet still he stood, till he saw don Manuel enter the garden ; when hastily seizing his sword, yet moist with the blood of the assassins, he strode over the dead bodies, with quick and agitated steps descended the stairs, and in a few seconds startled the Castilian by his voice, as he followed him down an avenue. Don Manuel turned short, changed to a deathlike paleness, and staggered some paces backward against a tree, where he stood leaning as if incapable of supporting himself.

“ Are you alarmed, don Manuel ? (Calliades cried). Is it fear, or remorse, or disappointment, that steals the colour from your cheek, and the strength from your limbs ? — Tremble not, noble Castilian, I am neither ghost nor assassin ! ” Don Manuel made an effort to speak, but his tongue refused its office ; his eyes, however, without its aid, disclosed sufficiently

sufficiently the confusion of his soul, as Cal-
liades gazed on him; the fires of whose own
gradually softened as he continued to behold
him.

“ Gods ! (exclaimed the Cypriot), is it
Spanish hospitality to stab a sleeping guest?
What withholds me, (added he, lifting up his
bloody sword), from retaliating the injury
intended me? What arrests this weapon in
its course to thy treacherous heart, but
HONOUR; You are now completely in my
power, nothing on earth can save you from
my revenge, but HONOUR; the honour of
a knight and a gentleman, which forbids my
lifting my arm against a *defenceless* enemy.
Yet unjust to my character, don Manuel,
you have deemed *me* the assassin of *your* ho-
nour; the base, the private, destroyer of
your peace and happiness. Know me better;
and in this dauntless moment, when my soul
can know no influence but from its own emo-
tions; in a moment that I have evinced ho-
nour governs my heart, and subdues in it
the most turbulent of all passions—anger and
revenge; in this most interesting moment,
believe me, don Manuel, when I swear, by
the

the great Former of that glorious luminary which now emerges from yonder hill, that I never made the most distant attempts either on the heart or person of thy wife; that from me her modesty is inviolate, and that I believe her chastity as pure as unfunne'd snow. Restore her then to thy love and thy confidence; assured that thou alone art lord of her affections, and never let her gentle bosom be wounded by a knowledge of these unjust suspicions. Give me your hand, my lord, in token that you credit my asseveration; that you will cherish for her the love she so abundantly deserves, and which alone constitutes her happiness, and then I take an everlasting leave!"——

"Noble Cypriot! (exclaimed Ribera, giving his hand), how unworthy am I!"——"No more, I beseech you, (interrupted Calliades). I require no apologies. If you really thought me guilty of violating your honour, I neither wonder at nor blame a just vengeance; I only condemn the manner of yours. Farewel, my lord, (he added, wringing don Manuel's hand), may you ever be happy yourself, and render so the best and most affectionate of wives,

wives, whose felicity depends on you. In a few moments I shall be on the road to Lerma; have the goodness to send my servants and the mules after me—farewel for ever.”

He ran precipitately off, in despite of the Castilian's efforts to detain him; who, as an excuse for his own conduct, wished to have acquainted him with the reasons which had impelled him to it. He rushed with hurried steps through the streets of Valladolid, where there were few of the inhabitants up to remark his agitation, and passed the gate which led to Lerma. The quietude of the country, at so early an hour, tranquillised his breast; his pace gradually slackened. He looked back on his own conduct with self approbation; the ineffably sweet sensation gave charms to the objects round him, and brightened the face of nature: once more he was alive to the beauties of the landscape, and walking slowly to enjoy it, by the time his servants overtook him, he was restored to his usual hilarity.

Timotheus joined his master in all the apprehensions of conscious guilt, fearful of

detection; for don Manuel had refused to see him, and he was ignorant of what had passed; but the unclouded brow of Calliades restored him to his usual confidence. He redoubled his assiduities; nothing could exceed his obsequious and sedulous attention; and they all reached Lerma without any further accident.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

E R R A T A.

- Page 13, line 14, for 'him. Seized' r. 'him, seized.'
- 26, — 6, for 'served' r. 'fervid.'
 - 32, — 16, for 'vowed' r. 'vowedst.'
 - 44, — 9, for 'selemnity' r. 'solemnity.'
 - 29, — 13, after threatening insert ,
 - 140, — 6, dele 'and.'
 - — — — for 'falled' r. 'fallied.'
 - — — 18, after superstructure insert ,
 - 150, — 11, for 'mother' r. 'mafter.'
 - 161, — 22, for 'disease' r. 'decease.'
 - 164, — 19, for 'then' r. 'than.'
 - 183, — 20, for 'were' r. 'was.'
 - 218, — 21, after expectation insert ,
 - 244, — 8, for 'Tubal the Fifth, son' r. 'Tubal, the fifth son.'
 - 267, — 8, for 'whom' r. 'who.'
 - — — 16, for 'of' r. 'with.'
 - 285, — 11, for 'flagrance' r. 'fragrance.'